

“and one was a priest”

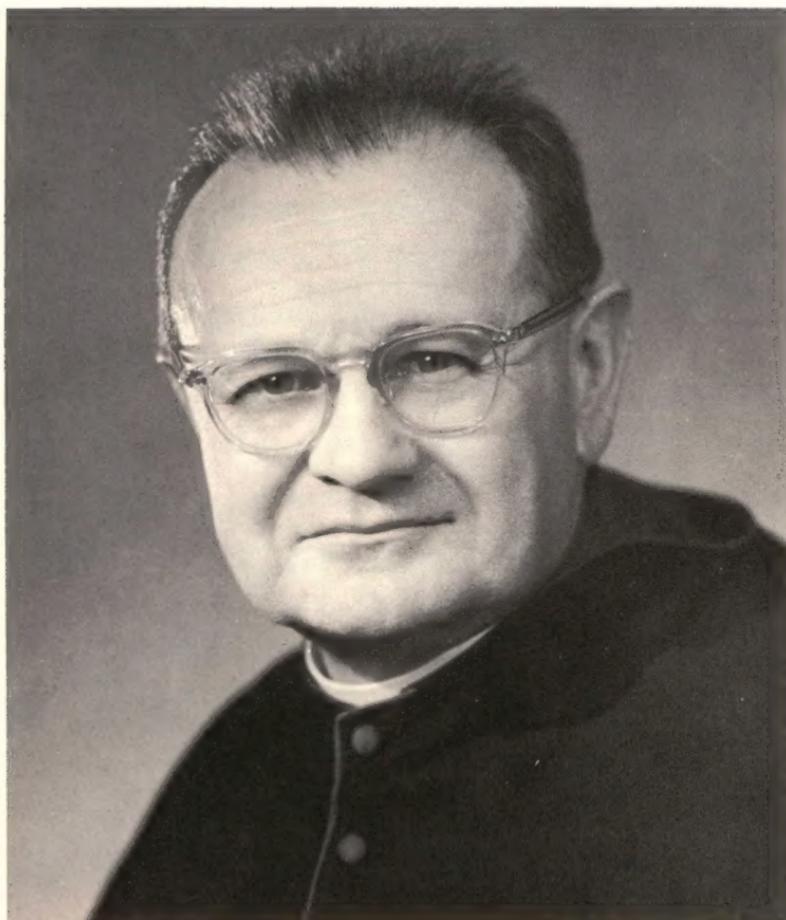
*A Portrait of Marshall Mallory Day
Anglican Priest—Modern Saint*

*Rector of Christ Episcopal Church,
Whitefish Bay, Wis.*

1931–1955

by
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CHURCH LITERATURE FOUNDATION
Milwaukee, Wisconsin



—John E. Platz Studios

MARSHALL M. DAY, PRIEST
August 13, 1884—October 29, 1955

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I sing a song of the saints of God
Patient and brave and true,
Who toiled and fought and lived and died
For the Lord they loved and knew.
And one was a doctor and one was a queen
And one was a shepherdess on the green;

• • •

And one was a soldier, and one was a priest . . .
And there's not any reason—no, not the least—
Why I shouldn't be one too.

*Hymn 243, The Hymnal 1940 (Lesbia Scott) **

FOREWORD

My first acquaintance with Marshall Day came almost a quarter century ago and it was not a pleasant experience. I was just beginning seminary and "Pappy," as he was known affectionately by two generations of seminarians, was our diocesan examiner in "Contents of the Bible." Before becoming a Candidate in those days one was expected to have at least a modicum of knowledge of that subject, but I was woefully ignorant and Father Day flunked me. In the years since I had a wonderful opportunity to know him better and for that privilege I am grateful indeed. He was an honorary canon of our cathedral and often my chaplain at diocesan services. It struck me that our positions might well have been reversed and I would have been honored to serve him.

I think it was as much by choice as by nature that he seemed lacking in administrative capacity, and yet he possessed what was far more important, a rare degree of priestly and pastoral qualities that bore abundant fruit in the building of the strong, godly parish that today stands as his best memorial and mirror. Marshall Day's great gift was the ability so to present the catholic faith that when it took it was "for keeps." As a result Christ Church, Whitefish Bay, has abundant lay leadership and talent galore. There is great activity in Christ Church, as is so characteristic of all churches today, but it cannot be described as "activism," as useless going around in circles, for everything has a purpose and it stems from and returns to the altar, which is the center and focus of the parish life.

Here is a parish that is truly converted and here is the story of a man, humble priest of God and willing instrument, who brought that about.

† DONALD H. V. HALLOCK,
Bishop of Milwaukee.

"AND ONE WAS A PRIEST"

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PROLOGUE

From the *Christ Church Messenger*, November, 1955

MARSHALL MALLORY DAY, *Priest*

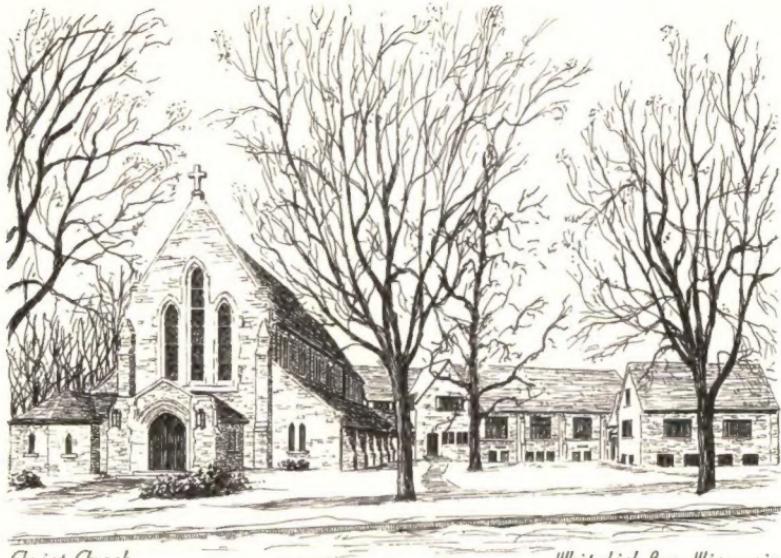
We have lost the earthly companionship of one of the saints of God. Yet because of all that he taught us the world to which he has gone seems not so far away.

To Father Day the supernatural world was as real as the visible one which he knew and understood and loved so well. Both were his Father's work. Because he viewed all of life through his love of both worlds, an unerring sense of proportion marked all his counselling. He approved the French St. Francis de Sales as "one of those gentlemen saints" and himself was like unto them. In his religion there was no harshness or strain but only grace and truth.

Father Day was a priest every minute of his ordained life. Never was there a trace of diffidence about his calling; never an atom of compromise about his faith. With the simplicity of a child and the insight of a saint he lived by a faith whose coherence and reason were confirmed by his giant mind.

His certainty annoyed the proud, his effectiveness exasperated the efficient, his goodness shamed the insincere. If some found faults they were much the same ones men found with his Lord two thousand years ago. Though he carried his priestly office proudly as the commission of his King, those who had seen him prostrate before the chapel altar in yearly renewal of his ordination vows knew there was no pride in this man but only a deep humility before God and the creatures of God whom he served. His only wish was to lead us to the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

A good man's love is the relay of the love of God. Father Day loved us all. Blessed are we that mourn.



Christ Church

Whitefish Bay, Wisconsin

—Hometown Prints, Watertown, Wis.

CHAPTER 1

CROSS STREET IN SUBURBIA

MILWAUKEE'S LAKE SHORE residential district merges at its northern limits with the village of Shorewood and that in turn blends into a second suburb, Whitefish Bay. Once a mecca for steamer and "dummy line" excursions out from town, Whitefish Bay is now a pleasant and solidly developed middle class community.

North of it along Lake Michigan lies Fox Point, once a colony of summer homes and small estates which quickly duplicated, after World War II, the middle class expansion of Whitefish Bay.

The three suburbs are threaded like beads upon North Lake Drive, which begins in the "lower" east side of the city of Milwaukee and winds north along the lake shore to where still newer communities are forming clusters upon it. Behind, or to

the west, is a vast and motley area incorporated as the City of Glendale, north of which lies River Hills, a scenic area of large estates.

In the heart of all of this, where Lake Drive crosses the east-west artery of Whitefish Bay, stands Christ Church. A tall, thin, English Gothic structure, built of a pale native limestone, the church faces upon Lake Drive, with Beaumont Avenue along its south and the parish house forming the other two sides of a U to the north of it. Across Beaumont Avenue, facing the chapel door at the side of the church, stands the rectory, a stone and timber, high-roofed house of matching architecture. Close beside it is a long, low, white frame meeting hall, now labelled "Masonic Temple," which was built originally as the church.

This cross street in suburbia, this triangle of buildings, was the setting of an exceptional ministry. For twenty-four years, from the beginnings of the parish in 1931 until his death October 29, 1955, its rector was Marshall Mallory Day.

A factual outline of his life reveals little of its quality. Yet each event was a thread in a providential weaving that seemed to be complete and visible even to human eyes at the moment of his death.

Born in New York City on August 13, 1884, Marshall Day attended Trinity School and was graduated from Columbia University and General Theological Seminary. He was ordained deacon at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin in New York in June, 1908, and priested on the Feast of the Purification, 1909, at St. Andrew's Church, Valparaiso, Ind. He was made a canon of the Milwaukee Cathedral in 1941.

While vicar of St. Andrew's, his first charge, he met Miss Floy Mallory, a tall pretty girl with tastes to match his own and a ready wit. She was an accomplished pianist who had come to Valparaiso to teach. Peggy—no one ever called her Floy—responded to his call for a church organist, and before long the young vicar was throwing his vestments aside after the service in order to escort her home. Several young men

roomed at the vicarage at the time and formed the nucleus of a brilliant and stimulating circle of friends. All their lives Marshall and Peggy looked back on that courtship year as one of gaiety and rich fun.

They were married in 1910 and raised two sons, Richard, whom they adopted after the death of their first-born, and Peter, who as editor of *The Living Church*, became one of the Church's prominent laymen.

Father Day went from Valparaiso to St. Alban's, Indiana Harbor, where under his rectorship the parish built a church, designed by his own father, William Horatio Day, a New York church architect, and finished the parish house.

Six years in Indiana Harbor were followed by six at Grace Church, Muncie, where an older parish was revitalized under his leadership.

He came to Milwaukee in 1925 to attend the consecration of his boyhood friend, Benjamin F. P. Ivins, as Bishop of Milwaukee. The dean of nearby Nashotah Seminary (which was to grant him an honorary doctorate in 1941) asked him to come back as professor of Hebrew and Old Testament, so the Days moved to Wisconsin. The next were happy years, spent in surroundings of great natural beauty and a scholarly atmosphere, though Father Day often felt that he should be exercising his priesthood in a broader pastoral ministry.

He was ready, therefore, when six years later, in 1931, he was called to preside at the beginnings of a new parish, Christ Church, Whitefish Bay, and by his work and prayers to nurture it to maturity.

As the parish prospered, Father Day himself became an institution in "the Bay." He took upon himself the task of the family marketing, and he was a familiar figure in the village, regarded affectionately by clerks and fellow shoppers, regardless of their church affiliations.

He was a short man, at one time chubby but in his later years quite slight. Always black clad and with a scholarly stoop, he walked with toes turned out and a slight tendency to drag his

left foot. There was a look of birdlike curiosity in the habitual way he cocked his head and tucked his chin in. His face, with lively eyes, a broad nose and thin curving lips, was squared by heavy jowls which seemed to muffle his diction but could be, and frequently were, lifted into expressions of delight and merriment. He looked an easy, kindly, comfortable little man, yet he gave withal an unmistakable impression of inner stature.

The day of his death was the eve of the Feast of Christ the King. Though not a common observance in the Episcopal Church generally, the day had always been commemorated by Christ Church as its birthday and patronal festival, this year to be its twenty-fourth. The choir always prepared special music, a guest preacher was frequently invited for the eleven o'clock service, and in the afternoon the Days were "at home" in the rectory to all the members of the parish and their friends.

On Friday, Father Day had shopped for fruit for the punch and cucumbers for the sandwiches the cateress would make for the reception. He and Peggy had lunched at the village pharmacy before he had taken her to her piano studio down town. The fall day was overcast, with showers turning to a steady rain. Late in the afternoon, as he tried to make his way through the rush hour traffic on Lake Drive, Father Day was struck by a car.

Word that he had been hurt spread swiftly through the parish as it would through a family. A hundred and fifty souls, moved by a common impulse, came to the Saturday morning mass to pray for his recovery. Late in the morning it seemed as if his injuries would mend and a wave of glad relief swept through those at hand. Though he was only semi-conscious from a wound on his head, his voice had murmured on with fragments of psalms and prayers and the Communion service. Then shortly after one o'clock, it ceased. The soul of Marshall Mallory Day rose to a paradise it had long regarded with anticipatory interest and a trusting faith.

The rector's body lay in state in the church that he had built from eleven o'clock Monday morning until the Bishop read the

requiem at that hour on Tuesday, All Saints' Day. On the altar were vases of autumn flowers and leaves in the mingled shades of rust and gold that he had loved. The "west" door of the church was hung with masons' canvas, beyond which the walls of a thirty foot addition to the church were already man-high. Amid every sign of his achievements, the figure in the coffin lay dressed in his threadbare ordination alb and violet chasuble, saved through the years that he might be buried as priest and penitent.

On the night before his funeral the Church choir rehearsed for the requiem mass and the sound of distant music drifted into the Church where people came and went and knelt to pray. When the music had ceased, the silence that followed was broken at intervals by the sound of many voices joined in hearty laughter. Choir practice had ended in a round of stories about the rector, the man who lay dead in the Church beyond the rehearsal room.

The choir was not a callous or irreverent group. Wherever two or three parishioners were gathered together in the days that followed, the conversation spontaneously took a similar tack. For the stories were many and the man was dear and it was in tender humor that those who loved him best found expression, not only for their affection and esteem, but for the joy of a certainty deep in their hearts. It was given simpler expression by a thoughtful child. Bishop Ivins, then retired, wrote to Peggy: "I want to tell you what my grandson said when he was told of Marshall's death. After a moment of quiet thought he said, 'Jesus will be very happy to have him.' And that says everything, and so much better than the rest of us can say it."

To most of the 500 families in Christ Church parish the loss was personal. Their lives were not what they had been before they knew him, and they mistrusted their own ability to find God so close at hand as Father Day had made Him seem to be. Though he often forgot their names, though he got mixed up in his prayers, though his sermons in recent years had mean-

dered and his enunciation from a distance seemed poor, his people found his eccentricities only made it easier to respond to the love he had for them.

His going sharpened the focus in which they had held him while he was yet among them. Then, they knew, he had walked very close to God; now he could only be walking closer. The faithful could not mourn such a death; surging through their bereavement came gratitude for a life so lived, and they found their very desolation fraught with joy. When the requiem had begun, from every foot of standing room within the church and from the wired rooms in the parish hall beyond, the voices of his people responding to sorrow with the faith he had taught, rose with almost palpable fervor as they sang his favorite hymn, "Rejoice, give thanks and sing!"

One who had known him as she was growing up in the parish wrote to Mrs. Day, "I am sad for the loss to all of us and especially to you, but too, I am strangely jubilant and awed, for I feel that I have known a man who like Enoch 'walked with God: and he was not; for God took him.' "

CHAPTER 2

THE INSTRUMENT

WHITEFISH BAY and the suburbs adjacent to it form a typical American suburban community. The dazzlingly rich are close enough at hand to watch—and envy, if one chooses. The shabby, derelict, and delinquent are just far enough away to prick the conscience, but not too close to disturb the tranquillity of prosperous middle class pleasures and enterprises. The soil of this lake shore suburb is neither more nor less fertile than that of any other for the cultivation of religion. An ethical bent, manifested in good citizenship, is offset by a complacency engendered by pleasant surroundings and ease of living. The soil here is neutral, of a neutrality somewhat synonymous with indifference.

Yet on the corner of North Lake Drive and Beaumont Avenue in 1956 stands a church where a quarter of a century before there was none. There is more than that; "a Church is people" and this physical plant belongs to a congregation—a couple of industrialists, a few doctors and lawyers, all kinds of salesmen, a piano tuner and a garbage man—who with their wives and sons and daughters are welded into a fellowship they themselves know is something more than fraternal. Here are a people educated to lay their anxieties before the altar of God even on weekday mornings. Here are people, most of them not rich in material things, who give generously of their physical wealth to God and of their spiritual treasure to their children, their friends, their community. Here is a parish known throughout the diocese for the quality and evidences of its spiritual life, throughout the county for its members' participation in good works.

Here in modern America, in the midst of average suburbia is a community of souls that shows forth many of the qualities of the early Christian Church. Here were tares aplenty; why this glowing harvest of wheat? The seeds of the Kingdom are broadcast; why the luxuriant bloom of the ones that fell here? The soil was neutral, exposed as any other to sun and rain; what was the instrument that tilled it here?

The instrument was Father Day. The quality of his love for God and his patience with men, his steady faith that the Church was divine and that God meant to build a parish here, won for his Lord this corner of suburbia, sown with the weeds of complacency and lack of interest and the brambles of antagonism. It was not a battle with drama and highlights; it was a steady labor of love.

Mr. Frederic Sammond, one of the parish founders, recalls: "It was some time in the late twenties that the Young People's Fellowship of the Milwaukee diocese, feeling inspired to extend the work of the Lord to the very wide open spaces that then existed in Whitefish Bay, bought the Beaumont Avenue lot. The title cost them about \$2,000 and they undertook to pay a mortgage in the same amount. Later we inherited both."

Early in 1931 ten or so families, concerned for their children's religious education, began to meet in one another's homes for worship and to discuss ways and means of providing a Sunday school.

"At Bishop Ivins' suggestion an experienced but still youthful priest who was then teaching at Nashotah House—some forty miles from Milwaukee—came to one of our meetings to discuss our program," Mr. Sammond recalls. "His name was Father Day and the evening was hardly over before we had acquired Marshall and Peggy Day and they had acquired us and we had decided, to our surprise, that we wanted to be a mission."

The cornerstone of the small white church was laid in June of 1931 and the first service held in it in September. The

parish was incorporated in 1935 and Father Day became the first rector. The same year on a lot adjacent to the church a rectory was built in the English Gothic style that forecast the church to come.

Those were the years of welding and testing, of confusion, physical and devotional, years tense with emergencies at the time and savored with humor in retrospect.

"I will always remember," a parishioner says, "the Sunday when the choir consisted of eight persons and the congregation of five, and the Rector said, with the same equanimity with which he now meets five hundred persons every Sunday, 'There is always a low spot in the second year.' "

The congregation didn't stay at five for long and soon those in the front pew felt as if they had their knees in the choir members' laps. Since the room doubled as a Sunday school, auditorium, and place of worship, collapsible chairs were arranged and rearranged according to the need of the hour, and were collapsed on all occasions by children wiggling too close to the edge. The coal bill loomed large and insistent Sunday after Sunday, but the heat, so dearly bought, often conspired with the crowding to upset a youngster's stomach.

"What a training Father Day had in humility," one choir member reminisces, "coming from Nashotah House to that batch of heathens—as funny a mixture of religions and personalities as could be found anywhere. Few in that early choir knew the service, so we had big folders to guide us in the order of things. Father Day was never sure that we'd not pop out with a 'Glory be' at any moment, and only about six persons in the Church would have known the difference if we had. At the time we thought him impatient when he would bark out 'Stand up!' in the midst of the service, but looking back I am amazed at his patience and uncanny understanding of us. He seemed to know how to make use of each of us, to find something worth while in every person he knew!"

A young people's Sunday evening group was started at this time, directed by a couple whose own children were barely out

of the crib. The Church's sons and daughters brought their friends along and the group often numbered seventy or so, many of them members of other churches or of no church at all. Worship and instruction were temporarily sacrificed to the broader purpose of providing a meeting place with dancing and refreshments for the teenagers of the village, most of whom seemed to be at loose ends on Sunday nights. Finally the young man in charge and Father Day succeeded in interesting the school board and the Woman's Club in the need for a recreation center. One was opened in the high school and the Church group resumed its original character.

Meanwhile, the little white building was becoming more and more inadequate. The village and the area north and west of it were growing, to be sure, but what was taking place on Beaumont Avenue was more than a growth of numbers. In surroundings remembered today less for their charm than for the crises and confusion brought about by their inadequacies, this indomitable priest was welding a fellowship of souls, drawn from all kinds of religious backgrounds, varied in their knowledge, tastes and capabilities, but united in seeking the vision which his faith seemed to attest.

Man's measure of this faith is shown somewhat humorously in the story of the parishioner who burst into a friend's office one day, along in 1938.

"Well, we've got our church at last!" he exclaimed joyfully.

"You mean you've broken ground? Or just raised the money?"

"Well, not either one, exactly," he replied seriously, "but Father Day began praying for it Sunday!"

And pray he did, at every service, for a Church "complete in the beauty of holiness."

Completion took many stages. The cornerstone for the big church, across Beaumont Avenue and facing upon Lake Drive, was laid on February 9, 1941. The first service was held in the new building on the day of Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941.

The basement level of the parish hall was added in 1945, a two story section over part of it in 1950, and finally, a few months before his death, Father Day turned a shovelful of earth and blessed the project that would finish the hall and extend the front of the church to the proportions planned in the original design.

By the summer of 1956 the buildings were complete with all but the decorative enrichment that would come with the years. But beyond its physical progress, the "beauty of holiness" for which Father Day had prayed came in large part as the imprint of his personality, the example of his own holy life. He was not a plaster saint—he was much too earthy, too interesting and too full of foibles for that. He was one of the knowable saints that Lesbia Scott sings of in her hymn for children:

"Patient and brave and true,
Who toiled and fought and lived and died
For the Lord they loved and knew."

The quality of his faith and the wholeness of his dedication raised him above the level of other men, and the love his people had for him came from this—that according to their needs and bent he led each of them closer to the Lord he knew.

CHAPTER 3

A MIGHTY MIND

NEWCOMERS to the parish, especially Bing Crosby's admirers, always said of Father Day, "He looks just like Barry Fitzgerald in *Going My Way*" and in a way he did. But though he could on occasion tell a story with a brogue that would outdo the truest sons of Erin, his resemblance to the little Irish priest was mostly one of size and spectacles, for Father Day was an intellectual, and a mighty one.

This bored a few people, scared a few (though why, he never could understand!) and delighted many more. He could produce a short and lucid explanation of almost any subject, but so enchanted was he himself with the details and ramifications that he seldom did so. However, it always paid to listen, to absorb, unclassified if need be, what he said and store it up for the future, for seldom would one find a mind so richly stocked, or one in which all experience and all knowledge were related so naturally and so minutely to the glory of God.

A portion of his office time for many years was given to dictating answers for "The Question Box" department of *The Living Church*. He loved to track down answers through the books stacked and jammed on his library shelves, though it was seldom enough that he had to resort to doing so. Oddly enough, however, his erudition issued far more in human contacts than through the written word. Writing was usually something of a chore for him and aside from the "Question Box" and a few articles earlier for the old *American Church Monthly*, his literary output was confined to two books, *Brief Notes on the Ceremonial of Bishops* and *Business Methods for the Clergy*, to revising and enlarging Nelson R. Boss's *The Prayer Book Reader*.

son Why, and to his role as one of the editors of *The American Missal*.*

But in human contacts his learning bore much fruit. The man who was senior warden at the time of Father Day's death has vivid memories of his own beginning in the Church. He and his wife had moved to Whitefish Bay just twenty years before. They were both lukewarm toward the churches they had grown up in, and feeling the new responsibilities of parenthood, decided to "shop around." They went to several churches in the north shore area and one Sunday decided to try the "little white church" which some of their friends attended. The uncomfortable chairs, the crowded space, more ritual than one of them was used to, less dignity than the other—all were making for a poor first impression. Then Father Day stood to read the lesson and it seemed to flow less smoothly than one would have expected. The man leaned over to his wife and said behind his hand, "It's a wonder the darned fool wouldn't prepare the stuff he's going to read!"

His friend, seated in the row of chairs behind him, heard the crack and leaning forward tapped him firmly on the shoulder.

"Listen, bub," he said, "it might interest you to know he is translating from the Greek!"

The future warden could not believe it until he checked the book after the service. The next week he voted to go back. "That little fellow intrigues me," he told his wife. Before long he was in the confirmation class and had talked the organist into attending with him. The organist, Robert Ells, was a young fellow, famous in his college days for his ability to play jazz by ear. Father Day had met and commandeered him when the church was started. The two men, both lawyers, argued every

* Of these books, all published by the Morehouse Publishing Company (now Morehouse-Gorham Co., Inc.), *Brief Notes* and *Business Methods* are out of print. *The Prayer Book Reason Why* is still in print, and *The American Missal* has been completely revised and is now published by the Society of St. John the Evangelist.

point in the instruction with Father Day, who agreed happily that they should.

"If I don't know the answer we'll look it up," he told them. "You must be satisfied about the truth."

This attitude undoubtedly helped to account for the fact that through the years he presented for confirmation almost as many adults as children. The year before his death, when the completion of the church building was all but an actuality, all of them, adults and young people, evinced their gratitude for the kind of instruction he had given them by subscribing the center of the three lancet windows in the "west" wall in his honor.

Father Day had lived close to the Church all of his life, so his faith might have been taken for granted. But as he reached manhood it was the intellectual structure and content of it that confirmed him in it. A faith of emotion without intellect, of mysticism without doctrine, of aspiration without discipline was to him a poor thing. He preached and strove to practice a religion that used all of man's capacities and endowments, each strengthening and illuminating the others.

Newcomers who had been used to being "inspired" from the pulpit sometimes felt let down by what he preached until they learned to apply their minds to their religion. Not that he spoke above them or that his concepts were obscure. On the contrary, it was the practical, factual content of his sermons that distressed them. In place of religious sentiment he used historical and sociological fact, liberally seasoned with word derivations and changes of meaning. In place of sanctimonious lingo he offered the challenge of sound doctrine and the age-old disciplines of the Church.

When he was a younger man his sermons, for all their erudition, were well organized and carried their points with a clear aim. The Spirit indeed seemed to take possession of him, leaving him in a state of exhilaration when he was through. One day after he had preached a particularly scholarly and telling sermon at the Cathedral one of his own parishioners walked

with him across the yard to the guild hall. He fairly danced, singing to himself as he went, "All God's chillun got shoes" like a joyous little gnome.

As his knowledge and experience grew deeper and the demands upon his time ever more numerous, he came to rely perhaps too much upon the inspiration of the moment. His sermons, rich as ever in content, often lacked organization. He would start several strands of thoughts going, digressing as he went along, and gather them together, sometimes rather suddenly, at the end.

At sermon time the uninitiated were always mystified to see him consulting two wrist watches, often laying one on the pulpit desk. Many never learned that what he did was to note the time and set a stop watch; he was afraid that otherwise he might forget what time it had been when he started. Thus, while the Holy Spirit might inspire his running thoughts, it was not an other-worldly signal that brought them all to bay.

On one occasion a young boy in the parish and his Roman Catholic friend agreed to visit each other's churches. They managed very well at St. Monica's where the Christ Church boy was able to follow things quite well, but both boys were stumped the following Sunday when they came to Christ Church; the Roman Catholic boy, seeing the ritual of the watches, leaned over and, in a stage whisper, asked his pal, "What does that mean?"

The man's wealth of learning was shed prodigally on those around him, regardless of the place or the occasion. An altar guild member, folding vestments away, might have a dissertation of the symbolism of the balloons or just as likely on the principles of physics involved in the wheels of Ezekiel. Vestry business might be interspersed with a bit of whimsical philosophizing on the disciplines of marriage, a resumé on the evolution of Christian thought on usury, or a technical sortie into architecture.

Some people found him hard to talk to, in passing or when working with him, because he had no ready supply of meaning-

less amenities. Those who knew him either shared a companionable silence or kept a few questions handy to prime the flow of anecdote and information. The questions could be quite simple for he insisted that no question sincerely asked was silly. He was really grateful to be of service in the answering of it and those who used this technique found their growing knowledge soon prompted more and deeper queries.

Formal instruction he dispensed, of course, to confirmation classes and to special groups that formed from time to time, but most consistently in later years to a small number of women who were faithful attendants at the votive mass for the sick at nine o'clock on Friday mornings. A "quorum," which meant enough who could stay to warrant an instruction period, was five, including Peggy, and the subject of these chapel talks was always linked in some way to health and religion.

When an instruction period was to follow, he would shed his outer vestments in the sacristy with amazing speed and be back in the chapel in amice and alb, his features bathed in a shy and sweet expectancy, for he loved the professorial role. Once sure that his audience had not skipped out, he would apply a measure of calm as he turned a folding chair about to face his little flock from the open center of the communion rail.

As he talked he would fondle the tassles of his girdle, flipping them on his knees, which were spread apart and draped with the folds of cassock and alb above his high black shoes. Sometimes the words would flow smoothly; at others they would jam up into just a series of throaty sounds, while he struggled to curb a mind that sought to race down all the byways. Now and then he would pause while he retraced the digression that had beguiled him and chose among the facts and images that pressed upon him the ones to forward this particular talk. Always as the period began there was an admonition to Peggy to "watch the time" for he knew his own intemperance and courteously repaid by a prompt dismissal those who had stayed to listen.

The talks were usually grouped as a series running perhaps

from September to June. But whatever title had been advertised, the discourse would range from such things as the principles of logic to a demonstration from Hebrew printing of what jots and tittles were, a funny story in superb dialect to an illustrative bit of human nature out of some book that he—and probably Peggy, too—had enjoyed. Indeed, there seemed to be little he hadn't read and retained with accuracy but he drew with particular delight upon Kipling and Dickens, the German *Die Journalisten* by Gustav Freytag and such modern classics as Frank Stockton's *The Casting Away of Mrs. Leeks and Mrs. Aleshine*, Jerome K. Jerome's *Three Men in a Boat*, and *Friends of Mr. Sweeney* by Elmer Davis.

He looked upon all of God's world with a scholar's discernment and a childlike wonder, but he viewed it with a godly perspective. Sometimes as he talked a new meaning or another level of understanding would become apparent to him. One could almost see his brain turn it over and test it and jostle it about to find the place where it fit. There was room in this mind for all that bespoke the glory of God.

With an intellect that seemed to record knowledge as completely and accurately as a photographic plate, Father Day became the subject of numerous stories and legends concerning his mental prowess.

A woman of the parish acquired an associate's medal of the Community of St. Mary on which was written "*Beati Mondo Corde.*" She had missed the explanation when she received it and five years of undergraduate Latin failed to help her read it. The first likely source of help she met was a high school Latin teacher, but the teacher, too, was stumped. Next she encountered a priest who had had a European education presumably strong in the classics. He shook his head. Finally she reached Father Day.

"Mmm," he said, peering through his trifocals, "*Beati Mondo Corde.* Blessed are the pure in heart."

"How do you get that?" she gasped.

"It's from the Latin Vulgate," he said as he rummaged in

the recesses of his desk for a little leather bound book. "Here it is. Matthew five."

She was sure St. Jerome was regarding him fondly.

The priest of a neighboring parish told of his struggle with a biblical phrase being incorporated in a new window for his church. The window was originally designed by a Milwaukee company owned by a strong Roman Catholic family, and the phrase was written in the Douay version. The cartoon for the window was sent to Germany where a Lutheran got hold of it and gave it another twist, this time in German. When it came back for final approval, the poor priest did what he admitted he should have done at the start. He called Father Day, who gave it to him in Hebrew.

"The thing that gets me," the priest sputtered with commendable honesty, "is that he is always so darned right!"

Reports of episodes like this always called forth a gentle chuckle from Father Day, though he frequently quipped that there was "no dogma in the Episcopal Church about the infallibility of Canon Day."

Oftentimes his fund of knowledge was the benign but effective weapon with which he conquered the pagan world, or at least fragments thereof. A certain couple moved into the parish from the east. The woman was finding herself drawn more and more to a convinced and active role in the Church, but her husband was quite unsympathetic about her attraction.

She told Father Day of the state of affairs. "Don't worry," he chuckled. "He thinks clergymen eat little boys." But he made a point of going to call and arrived early in the evening. The woman was at home and the husband expected momentarily. As they sat chatting the front door flew open and the husband charged in shouting gaily a particularly silly sounding term of endearment. He was brought up short by the sight of the little priest in his library. Embarrassed, he resolved to ignore him, so after only the curtest greeting he continued to address his wife as if Father Day were not there.

The cause of the man's exuberance had been the arrival of

some pictures he had taken the summer before of a yacht he had sailed in the east. Father Day sucked placidly on his pipe for a few moments and then observed gently that the sloop had a "Marconi" rig, and added a comment or two. Surprised into responding, the man discovered before long that the unprepossessing little man with his collar on backwards knew as much about boat design as he did. A bit dashed he switched the conversation from boats to photography and found himself again outmatched.

The man never did join the Church, but he attended often after that. The way at least was made easier for his wife, and together they grew in many good works. After a few years they moved away. At the time of Father Day's death she wrote, "A great and wonderful man. We grew—all of us—immeasurably in knowing him."

CHAPTER 4

CLOUD THIRTEEN

IT IS PERHAPS to be expected that a mind so full of a number of things would absent itself from the mundane and the immediate now and then, and this was true of Father Day. His secretary, Mrs. David Northup, closed in many of the gaps for him. Known to everybody as "Ruby," she exercised a motherly concern for the whole parish, mollified the occasional tender spirit who mistook his vagaries for neglect, and generally kept the business of the parish moving along in a more or less orderly fashion.

Ruby had come into the parish some eight years before his death, when the parish office was still in the study in the rectory. The room had always been and continued to be the epitome of scholarly and comfortable confusion. Not over ten by twelve feet square, the two inside walls had bookshelves from floor to ceiling, shaggy with books and pamphlets wedged in at whatever angle would accept them. Two filing cabinets, three desks and desk chairs, and one cushioned chair left only walking space from the outer door to the hall doorway across the room. Every level surface was cluttered with pamphlets or books or parish notices or copies of *Punch* or the birthday file, sprinkled here and there with an ash tray, a well worn prayer book or one of the rector's pipes. A visitor nearly always had to scoop off a place to sit, and the mailman, looking in at the low front door, cheerfully balanced his offering on top of whatever was already stacked on the adjacent file.

Out of this charming welter Ruby organized accurate and current parish records and account books. She made out the annual report to the diocese, figured the rector's income tax,

and badgered him into meeting deadlines. Always good-humored, she would pause for a chat with any and everyone, and in so doing rendered him an invaluable service by keeping track of who in his growing flock needed him just then.

When the second stage of building the parish house was done, the office was moved to the new quarters across the street. Here Father Day and Ruby had adjoining rooms as offices. The extra space was welcome but the new arrangement brought problems of its own: sometimes important mail would be delivered at the rectory instead of to the new office and Father Day would put it aside and forget to bring it across the street to her.

He knew his own forgetfulness and was grateful to Ruby for her steady management of him. One day she and the woman who wrote the monthly parish bulletin were condoling with one another on the telephone about the difficulties of extracting his regular editorial message from him in time to meet the printer's schedule. They were startled to hear his voice break in on his extension phone. "You're perfectly right!" he said with feeling. "You've got to do it! You simply have to make me keep that schedule!"

Sometimes Ruby's task was not to prod him but to check his flights of thought and moor him to the work immediately at hand. One day when she was seated in her office filling out a blank briefly listing the persons who had died during the year, she called to him through the open door, and began to read the list with a word or two of description after each name. The third name was "Ruth Kuesel" and after it "Altar Guild."

"Altar Guild!" he exclaimed, forgetting completely the caller at his desk. "She was more than that. She made people good just by being so loving and good herself!" and with a lucidity he seldom achieved when he really set out to dictate, he went on for a full paragraph on the kind of Christian virtue he had cherished in this woman.

In her office Ruby sat with the printed form before her, one line allotted for each name. Her hands fell momentarily to

her lap. She poked a pencil through her thick grey hair. Then she took a breath and said loudly and firmly, "Yes, I know, Father. We all loved Ruth. This is just a list" and so forth. Like a gentle sheep dog she nudged him a dozen times a day into the businesslike path he had to follow, and loved him all the while she did it.

Now and then he forgot a name or an appointment or missed a prayed-for opportunity, sometimes disappointing a parishioner or wounding someone's vanity. Sometimes his illusion of halted time had comic opera effects.

Before one small church wedding, the bride's father had taken care to have parking space directly in front of the church reserved for the automobiles of the wedding party in order that they could leave promptly after the ceremony and arrive at the place of the reception before the wedding guests. All went well until they started to form the receiving line: the bridegroom's mother, who had come from out of town, was missing—her car had not arrived at the club.

After thirty minutes of anxiety, during which the guests were held in abeyance in the hallway and the wedding party fretted behind closed doors, an aunt of the bride shepherded the distraught parent in. As she had been leaving the church, she had made a polite comment to Father Day about the stained glass windows. That did it. Oblivious to time, he led her by the arm from bay to bay explaining the symbolism of the windows that were in and the scheme of those still to come. A stranger to him and entranced by his own absorption in the subject, she was powerless to break away. Even the escorting aunt, famous in the family for her temerity, had not been able to effect her release. And all the while Father Day was simply spilling out the treasure of his heart and mind so that the mother could carry home a little closer knowledge of just one thing—a kind of intellectual knick-knack—from her son's new environment.

Lapses occurred while he was at the altar, too. Newcomers hearing the voice falter and stop would freeze with the fear

that the seemingly frail old man was about to collapse. Old timers with more faith in his stamina would yet find their hands go suddenly wet and their back muscles tighten while they waited for him to find his place. It was not at all uncommon for the congregation to find itself being led through the Lord's Prayer twice, and he forgot to say the Prayer of Humble Access for several weeks one year. But old timers knew and the newcomers soon came to understand that when these lapses occurred Father Day had merely left them behind for a moment while he peered more closely into heaven.

He very rarely referred to these occasions afterward. If he thought of them as blunders, he apologized to God and let it go at that; only a proud man is disturbed by his own imperfections and Father Day had learned the saintly trick of being patient with himself. By just a word, however, he conveyed to all the altar boys who served him, even the little ones, that they were to wake him if he dozed off during a curate's sermon or speak to him when they caught irregularities. It testifies to the stature of the man that this only endeared him to them. They might laugh and joke about these episodes behind his back, but they surrounded him with a protective sort of love and deep esteem.

One morning a nine-year-old, whose own cotta was apt to be askew, was serving for Father Day in the chapel. The youngster's eyes returned repeatedly to where the right shoulder of the priest's old style chasuble was turned back in a fold. Finally at the credence table the two came close together. For just the moment that Father Day used the cruet, the child's left arm was free. He reached up with deliberate and tender care and laid the vestment straight. Only a truly humble heart provokes a child's solicitude.

CHAPTER 5

THE COMPLETE NATURALIST

FATHER DAY made God's house seem homelike by the way that he himself inhabited it. He moved up and down the altar steps, he sat upon the folding chairs before the chapel prie dieu, he wrote out the sick list on the sacristy counter, or hustled down the choir aisle the way a fish swims in a tank; it was his environment.

People said it was too bad he didn't live to see the building finished. In a real sense he did and in another sense he never expected to. The clerestory window panes were painted blue to break the glare of sunlight streaming through them, but when he looked up he saw the apostles and evangelists and martyrs and confessors that would some day all be there in stained glass. When his eyes fell on the outside of the pulpit wall, his imagination supplied the small wooden figures of Origen and Athanasius and Gregory of Nazianzus that would some day ornament the tiny pedestals. He looked at chunky capitals of dark red granite for ten years or more and always saw them carved in bas relief. So it was throughout: with the eyes of love and learning he and he alone could visualize the English Gothic Church as it would some day stand complete. He had liked the Gothic style to begin with for the very reason that it could not be done all at once. He wanted it to grow through the years, always capable of enrichment through the memorials and the thank-offerings of the people.

The building itself seemed to return his affection and understanding and to enfold his personality. A penitent, entering the chapel late on a Saturday afternoon, would find him seated near the altar rail, looking tired and soft and old, simply resting

in the Presence and comfortable gloom. The fair-linen on the chapel altar always had a fold rubbed into the front edge of it because the tabernacle was just a bit beyond his reach. If he celebrated mass in the chapel without an altar boy, he would first step to the credence table and move it briskly forward on its casters, like a competent housewife setting her mixer in a handy place.

One Sunday while the candles were being extinguished after the eleven o'clock service the holy hush was broken by a noisy banging and shaking of the choir aisle door. Then the door was wrenched open and down the aisle strode the little priest, looking more like a squire whose pasture gate had stuck than a rector on his way to greet his flock.

A seminarian who helped out from time to time was going through a pious stage and always moved about the sanctuary with his hands raised in a prayerful pose. Someone commented to Father Day about the young man's affectation. "Yes," he chuckled, "but I told him it was quite all right to swing his arms in the sanctuary."

Their rector's naturalness of manner within the holy precincts communicated itself to the children of the parish who all their lives would look back upon church as a cheerful, happy place. Once in a very great while he would bellow at some flagrant violation of gentlemanly or reverent behavior but he was usually very tolerant of the children's activity. He said children were too often scolded for doing things that were merely childish. Around the church their manners were generally good from a sincere regard for him, but they never felt required to show an unnatural piety or constraint.

His complete naturalness within the setting of ritual was evidenced in his way with acolytes. One of his former students later wrote his reminiscences of that phase of his training to Peter Day.

"I, who had never served at the altar in my life, can still see the figure of your father appearing in the chapel of St. Mary the Virgin at Nashotah House. Wearing his alb, with the amice

still draped like a cowl over his head, he would be on a 'server hunt.' The first curious student who happened to look up from his prayers looked straight into a beckoning finger: he served. The fatal morning came when I grew inquisitive—with the usual results! Believe me, it was an experience never to be forgotten. He finished the Epistle and the words 'now move the book over here' ran right off the end of it. And so it went—prayers and directions all running together in what has always seemed to me to be a most consecrated act. It was the one and only lesson I ever had in the art of serving at the altar and I have employed the same method most successfully over the twenty-five years that have passed since that memorable day. Somehow, it seems to show the sanctuary for what it really is—a friendly place where our Blessed Lord smiles down on the little children who are doing Him honor."

Nor were the interlacings of conversation with ritual always limited to just the altar boys. Among the choir members was a man who by long association with Father Day was prepared for the unpredictable. The man had a son who had just graduated from college and was awaiting his Army summons. On a particular Sunday Father Day was facing the altar presenting the special intercessions. He was well into the list of those in the armed services when he paused.

"Howard, has Marshall been inducted yet?"

"No, Father, not yet," came the easy reply from the choir. The rector's voice went on with the list.

Acolytes and choir members could and did, in time, become used to these interpolations in the ritual, but it could only remain a shattering experience to be singled out from the congregation for one of them—though it never occurred to Father Day that it was such.

One morning the organist and choir had begun a hymn when they realized that he was facing the congregation and saying something. As the singers broke off in mid-stanza his voice came through saying "Altar Guild." No one moved or understood. He began again. "Is there some member present

from the Altar Guild?" Still no one moved. So he walked to the door leading into the chapel from just in front of the altar rail and, peering in upon the overflow from the church, said, "Kate, you're Altar Guild. Come out here and show yourself!" Quaking and bewildered, the woman came forward and stood at the center of the rail. He had suddenly wanted a small silver ciborium generally used for the Reserved Sacrament and he sent her out to find it. It was the most natural thing in the world for him, finding he needed something, to turn to one of the faithful women who always did the things he needed done. After the service, she walked up to him in the sacristy and with her hands on his arms shook him none too gently and said, "Don't you ever do that to me again!" They both knew, nevertheless, that if he did, she would stand there ready.

It is one thing for a priest to look natural and at home in a church and another for him to look as much at ease outside, without shedding some small part of his priestly personality. Father Day was a priest every moment of the day and he was at ease with all the world because God made it.

A woman in his parish, Mrs. F. L. Larkin, had found a great source of joy in ornithology. Though not an outdoor man in the usual sense of the word, Father Day, knowing how much she wanted to share her pleasure with him, allowed himself to be instructed and became at once a gratifying pupil. He and Peggy could be seen in spring on the morning of his occasional "day off" bundling into the car with boots and binoculars and warm gloves and coats, bent on a birding expedition. He never rivaled his instructress in expertness or fervor—she later received national recognition for her work with the Audubon Society—but he thoroughly enjoyed these personal sorties into the realm of nature. They were not, however, in any sense an escape from his profession. He might exchange his clericals for a plaid shirt and yellow corduroy, but he was the same man who had said the mass an hour before. If the birds had talked with him as in the legend of St. Francis of Assisi, they would have called him "Father Day."



—Photo by Howard J. Lee

BIRD WATCHING ON HORICON MARSH
The birds would have called him "Father Day!"

Tuesday nights would find him next door to the rectory in the building that had originally been the church and was now the Masonic Temple. Peggy could easily call him home if someone needed him, but meanwhile he enjoyed the fellowship and conversation of men who knew the world from other vantage points than his. Though he made no attempt to furl the colors of his own profession and be "just one of the boys" they knew that they could trust him not to constrain them with sanctimonious talk. Instead they found him a stimulating thinker, a skillful story teller, and a well posted, comprehending listener. They recognized him as a man whose goodness was of a palatable sort.

One year a group of young couples in the parish wanted to have a dancing party and since there was not enough room in the parish hall, with his permission they rented a dance hall on a highway a short drive out of town. He and Peggy came and enjoyed the party with their "children," and it bespeaks the quality of his priestliness that Father Day looked as much at ease and as much in character circulating among the merry-makers as he did before the altar of his church.

CHAPTER 6

THE LOVE OF GOD

MANY EDUCATORS contend that the way to a real understanding of one's own language is through a foreign one. This is the way in which Father Day knew and loved the world in which he lived; he approached it through the supernatural one, for he was basically a man of prayer. Prayer, he believed, was a priest's first work, and because he was faithful in it, he saw the world with a long view and lovingly as God sees it.

The Life that built the parish was the Life that radiated from the chapel altar where Father Day said a daily mass without fail. When the parish was small, it was usually Peggy who represented the congregation to him, but in later years a dozen souls or more might turn out to worship on a weekday morning there.

From the beginning of the war the Tuesday morning service was a votive mass for peace. This it continued to be and he frequently exhorted more people to come to it, saying it was the most important "church work" they could do.

No mass was ever said in Christ Church without intercessions before the offertory. The birthday list, wedding anniversaries, men and women in the armed forces and the sick were the daily staples. A couple needing guidance or a man facing a difficult decision might appear on the list from time to time. During vacations there were prayers for members of the parish who were traveling or young people coming home or returning to their colleges. The confirmation classes were prayed for all through the months of their instruction, and of course, he prayed for the succession of building projects from the moment

that they were contemplated until he gave thanks to God when they were done.

Though the sustaining power of the intercessory prayers was widely known and relied on, more startling consequences sometimes followed from them. In the early 1950's a young man from the parish entered a paratroop division of the air force. His name appeared regularly in the intercessions with the others in the armed services. Then Father Day added a special prayer for "a man about to undergo a dangerous mission." After two or three weeks of this, the day came when the congregation prayed for him by name—"for Milton Borman, Jr., who will make a parachute jump over Greenland today."

Newspapers the next day carried a story of particular interest to Christ Churchers. Air force maneuvers over Thule, Greenland, had been cancelled at the last minute because an investigation in progress in Washington had shown that some of the equipment was substandard.

The plane bearing the young Christ Church man had been in the air, heading toward the place where the jump was to be made when the order to return was received by radio.

"You see!" the boy's happy mother beamed, "Father Day's prayers can even change the mind of the U. S. Air Force!"

In his private devotions Father Day followed the intercessions of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament and there were well worn copies of *Sursum Corda, Priest's Manual of Devotions*, and *The Private Devotions of Lancelot Andrewes* in the chapel prayer desk.

He never missed saying matins and evensong and on Saturday mornings, if he hadn't said the office before the Altar Guild women came to work, he would take his place in their midst saying "Go on, go on, nothing can disturb me at this!" and say the prayers and read the lessons silently as they swept and dusted around him.

He approved of blessing things as more visibly relating them to God and to His work. He would gladly come to bless

a house, a family altar, or a prayer desk. He would bless an automobile, a business, or a field as readily as a book or crucifix, and his priestly benediction came as simply and sincerely as a handshake.

One day a small boy in the parish had sprained his neck. His mother had taken him to the doctor who had applied diathermy, told her to keep hot compresses on it at home, and bring him in the following day for further treatment.

As they left the doctor's office her eye travelled across the block to the rectory window. "We'll go see Father Day," she said, marvelling on how stony with secular habits was the soil in which her faith was sown. Hand in hand they walked to the study door, rang the bell, and stepped in. The room was dim in the winter twilight. The little priest in black shirt sleeves rose to meet them.

"Father, Andy has a 'misery' in his neck," she said. He made a comforting noise in his throat. With one simple gesture he laid his stole about his neck and with another picked up a small worn prayer book. He laid one hand around the little neck and began to read in deep but gentle tones. When he closed the book, she said, "Thank you," and they left. The child went to school the next morning. The soreness in his neck was gone, but deep in his mind there would always be the memory of that holy love, simply asked for and simply given.

Sometimes just the sight of a child running or crying or speaking to him or to its mother would cause his hand to raise, as it were involuntarily, and adumbrate the sign of the cross.

Father Day tried steadily and earnestly to educate his people to a faith in Christian healing. He saw the cults, otherwise heretical or unorthodox, that had sprung up stressing it as being the result of the Church's own neglect of this essential facet of the apostolic faith.

He believed that God intended us to have health and that an atmosphere charged with the faith of those who so believed was conducive to it. He advocated unction for those running

any risk or danger of death, not just for those already close to it. He believed that lay persons as well as priests should lay hands upon the sick with a healing intent.

The mass for the sick at nine o'clock on Friday mornings was a service dear to his heart. Most of those who came were themselves quite well but they came to pray for persons known or unknown to them on the somewhat longer list of sick he read on Friday, and to learn from Father Day the place religion had in health. During one of the instruction periods following this service he talked at some length on the laying on of hands and the form given in the Prayer Book for doing so. A week or so later he himself had a miserable cold. The handful of women present were anxious about him and when the period was nearly over asked him to let them put their hands on him. Momentarily startled by this change of role, he nonetheless knelt meekly inside the altar rail and received their somewhat nervous but loving ministrations.

Of Father Day's own healing gift many in the parish will testify. A cynic perhaps would say that everything is a miracle to the believer, but those who have felt his hand upon their heads know with certainty that they have felt the transmission of a healing power. The parents of a baby that survived a series of rigorous and delicate operations, of a boy literally drawn from the teeth of death at the scene of an accident, the man whose recovery from surgery for advanced cancer was steady and complete, the man who found the strength to fight a mental illness in the daily laying on of hands, believe with all their hearts that God's healing love was channelled through the faith and hands of Father Day.

Nor was it only bodies that felt the health giving power of his ministry. The souls who came to him individually for counsel or for the Sacrament of Penance found him wise in the ways of human nature, proportioned in his view of human life, and uncompromising in the Christian ideal he held them to. He often quoted Browning's line, "'Tis an awkward thing to play

with souls'; * his own manner of dealing with them, though not lacking in authority, was reverent and gentle.

He had his likes and dislikes among the saints, but he always alluded to St. Francis de Sales as "one of those gentleman saints" in a tone of voice that was warm with approval. Evelyn Underhill, writing the introduction to the letters of the Abbé de Tourville, says, "There is a temper of soul which seems peculiar to the great French teachers of the spiritual life." † The same temper of soul belonged to Father Day.

Of this school of spiritual direction, Miss Underhill writes: "The emphasis in fact lies on the Reality of God, His intimate and overruling action; and on that humble acceptance of the facts of our situation which Baron von Hugel calls a 'creaturely sense.' With this balanced and deeply Christian outlook goes a method of direction which is perhaps specially appropriate to our own times; a robust common sense, a touch which is firm yet delicate, a wise tolerance of human weakness, a perpetual recourse to facts, a hatred of moral and devotional pettiness . . . [a] school of direction, so mild in appearance, and yet in reality so exacting. . . ."

It was part of Father Day's genius that he never tried to fit personalities into a pattern of perfection, but understood that God plans different avenues of sanctification for each of His children. The perfectionist was told to seek the perfection of his own charity. The too-conscientious business man was helped to see his burden as his pride and so to shed its weight. The lady doer of deeds, full of eagerness and action, was reminded that all we know of Mary was her obedience and her love. The man who measured his own worth by the yardstick of inflated dreams was scolded for self-pity. But the heart that may have stumbled carrying out an act of love was restored with approbation and those who came to him confused or undecided gained a new poise by virtue of his own insight and conviction.

* A Light Woman, Stanza XII.

† Reprinted by permission, Dacre Press, London. Letters of Direction: Thoughts on the Spiritual Life, from the Letters of the Abbé de Tourville.

He insisted again and again that people's motives behind seemingly uncharitable acts were seldom nearly as deep as the victim was apt to think. He warned against rash reparations for a misdeed and to illustrate would tell the story of a boy who stepped on a deaf old gentleman's toe, and found his efforts at apology thoroughly exasperated the man, who hadn't felt the injury at all. His advice was often "If you are not sure what to do—do nothing," for he knew that the Holy Spirit can only guide the mind that waits upon Him, can only be heard by a listening heart.

In all, his counselling was practical, never outreaching the counselled's experience. He firmly disapproved of excessive programs of self-discipline or self-propelled excursions into mysticism. Like the Abbé de Tourville, he held to "a determination to find the raw materials of sanctification in the homely circumstances of everyday life; yet without any reduction in the splendor of its supernatural destiny."

The power of God shone through him, and his people found they grew in spiritual strength and grace because that power was manifested, in part, by *his* faith that they would do so.

CHAPTER 7

A GODLY LOVE

WHEN FATHER DAY left the altar of his Church it was to go out among his people to bring them what evidence he could in his own person of God's love for them. At the time of his death one young woman in the parish wrote:

"Dear Peggy:

". . . I am sure we all have our own little remembrances of Father Day, each one precious to us. One stands out particularly for me—late afternoon—a warm fire—a glass of sherry—a comfortable chair with Father Day holding two little children on his lap and all the stuffed animals that it was possible to hold. What a happy picture and what a happy time we had together.

"There are many others and many thoughts about living and accepting life that will stay with me. . . ."

As the parish grew he was able to make fewer and fewer calls upon newcomers and his expressed hope that he could get around to all the homes in the parish at least once a year had to be abandoned, but he remained tireless in his ministrations wherever he knew or suspected there was trouble of any kind.

There was an adage in the parish that the first face you saw when you came out of an anesthetic was Father Day's and, while his people laughed about it, they were deeply grateful and counted on it. A number of them faced crises where their lives hung in balance with a high heart and steady faith because he had prepared them by his teaching, and then stayed

by them to strengthen them with prayer, the sacraments, and the evidence of his own fatherly love.

One of the men in the parish who had served him longest and in almost every lay capacity, had to undergo very serious surgery in the spring of Father Day's last year. Father Day stayed home from a short vacation that he and Peggy always took at that time of year and added his priestly efforts to the doctor's in preparing the man for the operation. On the day of it he sat for six hours with the man's wife in the hospital waiting room. Then, for at least a week after, he saw the patient often during the day but without fail every evening, laying his hands upon him to drive away all "nightly fears and fantasies."

The man's spirit was serene throughout the long ordeal, his convalescence even faster and surer than the doctors had hoped. When he was well again he asked that a prayer of thanksgiving be offered for his recovery. Father Day chose an eleven o'clock Sunday service when the man's family would be in church. Then instead of offering an anonymous prayer, he called him out of the choir and laying his hands upon him again as he knelt at the altar rail, gave thanks to God for the recovery of His good and faithful servant.

His insight into the needs of people was sure and swift. A woman recalls gratefully that once when she was in a state of mental collapse he had said to her, "Of course you are not able to pray now; I will say your prayers for you until you can." And for long weeks that seemed to be the one steady thought in her mind.

Another time he called at a home where the young husband had been taken suddenly ill with what seemed then to be an uncontrollable hemorrhage. He found the wife walking back and forth in the living room, rigid with anxiety, while the doctor and a nurse worked desperately upstairs. Father Day sized up the situation swiftly, and said in a practical manner, "What you need is a drink." He went to the sideboard and helped her fix a highball. Then he took her arm and walked with her

back and forth across the room until the tension eased, all the time talking in a most matter-of-fact tone, strengthening her faith. When they had paced thus for almost an hour, word came from upstairs that the man was better. Father Day went up and laid hands upon him and left—left two people grateful not only for the faith that he taught but for the friend God had given them in Father Day.

A family who had friends in Christ Church parish but who themselves had no religious affiliation, lost a son under most tragic circumstances, for which they blamed themselves. The friends sent Father Day to them. He went in, sat down, and said firmly, "Now see here. You've got to stop scourging yourselves over this. If your boy had died of tuberculosis or pneumonia or anything else you would not be blaming yourselves. You gave him all the help and care anyone thought he needed. There is no place where you have been the least bit negligent and you must not blame yourselves."

"I don't know what I would have done," the boy's father later told his friends, "if Father Day had not come then; I think I would have lost my mind."

The family joined the Church, growing quickly and deeply in their spiritual life. The father told the friend, "You know, now that we have this Church, this faith, I know that this is where we failed the boy. *This* is what we didn't do for him."

A year later the father began his studies for the diaconate.

One of the parishioners, a fairly young man, was stricken with severe arthritis. The effort of putting on his clothes was almost more than he could manage; every motion, every bump racked him with pain. During that period he had to make frequent trips to his doctor's office for treatment and Father Day came regularly, helped him into his clothes and chauffeured him carefully there and back.

At another period in his illness the man was in a men's ward in Mt. Sinai Hospital. Father Day visited him there and noticed an elderly Jew in a bed across the room. When the time came for him to leave, Father Day laid his hands upon his ill

parishioner and said a prayer for him. Then without ado, he moved across the room and pronounced an Old Testament blessing in Hebrew over the ancient Jew. Needless to say, the impact of this simple ministry was tremendous!

As a young man in Indiana Harbor Father Day was called "the priest of the town" for his readiness to answer any call for help. In that bleak industrial community he went willingly into every type of home, the foreign born, the destitute, the rich, to the old and the young, and where disease was epidemic. All his life he continued to go, with no thought of his own age or weariness. A demand upon his priesthood seemed indeed to light some inner glow.

"All the ills that flesh is heir to" are of course the fabric of a clergyman's work. In the complicated miseries arising out of human relations no false propriety hindered the efficacy of Father Day's ministrations. He himself said there was nothing that could shock him; he had either encountered it in his own experience or found it in his wide knowledge of books. And though he would labor quite literally day and night with a crucial situation, he was singularly realistic about its probable outcome and astute in evaluating the human elements involved in it. He would coöperate with the Holy Spirit in every way, setting forth in his prayers the needs of his people, and by his love and labor as a man setting the stage for Him the best he could. But he recognized that there are souls so perverse that they will forever reject the grace of God, that there are persons who will always want what they cannot have, whether it be good or evil that is denied them. Consequently, he strove for no pious and patched up solutions. One woman to whom he had been a counsellor through a long and harrowing period in her life, later wrote:

"His advice was neither denominational, first century, nor twentieth century. He just knew people. He wanted us to live full and happy lives and he kept his eye on the ultimate result, not on any temporary comfort or discomfort."

But he was a father in God to many others than those in

affliction. Children responded intuitively to his love and loved him in return. He had no special manner of address which he reserved for them, but accorded them the dignity due to individuals and delighted in the freshness and the whimsy of their thoughts. If they told him something they thought was funny, they were gratified by a deep and rumbling chuckle. If they told him something they had learned or seen, his interest was penetrating and sincere. If they came with a question or a childish problem, they found a grownup who understood and whose advice, given so companionably, was usable.

A child, grown to a woman, wrote to Peggy after his death:

"I will never forget those wonderful eleven years when I was a regular visitor to your home. I can so clearly remember trudging across the empty fields from Silver Spring to Beaumont Avenue for piano lessons, music appreciation classes, recitals, confirmation classes, Thursday night choir practice, and Church. You and Father Day were always so kind to me in those growing-up years!"

Another wrote, "I've been remembering with love and gratitude all the wonderful times—like the year that I was thirteen and he and I used to sit on the front steps of the church every Saturday afternoon talking about everything under the sun until the six o'clock angelus (at St. Monica's) drove me home.

"And the hundreds of mornings when he and I—and 'all the angels in heaven' as you used to say—would have the church to ourselves at the early week-day mass.

"And the Sunday dinners after Church at the Shorecrest—and the times you and Father Day would help me with my homework—and the days he'd take me with him on errands—to sample wine, to the Cathedral when he heard the Sisters' confessions (and mine too, generally) and to call on people.

"And the day he took me to Kemper Hall (a Church boarding school)—and the morning he gave me his blessing and sent me off to Japan with a letter to a friend saying I was

as dear to him as a member of his own family (I never did deliver it—it's one of my treasures!)

"And all the things he taught me—some of which I'm just beginning to learn. . . ."

One small boy whose parents were devout church members caused them some concern by refusing to attend Sunday school. Though he went to Church willingly enough with them, they felt that his religious education required something more than that.

One Ash Wednesday Father Day let the youngster carry the cross. At home he told his parents, "Father Day said I was the best crucifer he ever had!" and later on, in an offhand way, he begged to be reminded to go to church at 8:30 Saturday morning. "Eighty-thirty Saturday! Whatever for?" his mother gasped.

"Well," said her sprout, "Father Day says that anyone who can carry a cross like I did has the makings of a *good* acolyte. He's going to show me how."

From the fair-haired imp with the curling lashes to the stocky youth who would throw aside a "letter jacket" for a cassock, the boy, if he were well and in town, never missed serving a Tuesday morning after that.

Father Day's love for children radiated most warmly at the font. One woman convert, whose children had been baptized in another church, threatened to have an "Anglican baby" for the sheer joy of watching Father Day baptize it. His voice took on a tender inflection when he began the service, but when he had the infant nestled expertly in his arm, it became almost a croon.

But whatever the age or condition of those who came in touch with his priesthood, in the contact there was an echo of the baptismal sacrament, calling them to a deeper and closer membership in Christ.

* * *

"To live in the midst of the world without wishing its

pleasures; to be a member of each family, yet belonging to none; to share all sufferings; to penetrate all secrets; to heal all wounds; to go from men to God and offer Him their prayers; to return from God to men to bring pardon and hope; to have a heart of fire for charity and a heart of bronze for chastity; to teach and to pardon, console and bless always. My God, what a life! And it is yours, O Priest of Jesus Christ!"

—JEAN BAPTISTE LACORDAIRE

CHAPTER 8

MINISTRY TO MEN

"I WOULDN'T MIND a bit being like Father Day," the man said, and his wife laughed gently. The man was fully twelve inches taller than the little priest and almost that much wider. He was a salesman instead of a scholar and for matins he read the automotive news. But she knew what he meant and laughed appreciatively.

Men generally liked Father Day. His thinking, while scholarly, was direct and realistic. He saw the good in men, not through naïveté, but through Christian love. He respected their secular vocations, understood the problems which they encountered, and was able to help them relate Christianity to them in a workable way. To him virtue was a positive thing, not just a system of negations, and for this reason men found that they could square what he taught them with the actualities of their daily life.

As a boy in New York City, Father Day had led a sheltered life in a family with two sisters, in church schools and among artistic and cultivated people. Small in size and endowed with a superior intellect, he was the typical "bright little boy." He made up his mind when he went to Columbia that his chief effort would not be scholarship but learning to know people and how to make friends. His grades were respectable but not in the honor bracket; that he succeeded in his personally elected "curriculum" was demonstrated by the reception he received among his college day associates when he returned to Columbia for the 50th reunion of his class.

Going on to General Seminary, he again turned his attention to his academic work, but his undergraduate pursuits re-

warded him throughout his life. Perhaps because he had joined it more consciously aware of its place in his life than many boys, he retained an active interest in his fraternity, Alpha Chi Rho, and continued to play a part in its national affairs.

He joined the Silver Spring Masonic Lodge, attended meetings regularly, and, quite in character, became its most deeply informed member. At a Lodge of Sorrow, held after his death, a Methodist minister gave the formal address and a number of the members, several but not all of them converts to the Episcopal Church, testified to the impact which their friendship with him had had on their own spiritual lives.

Nor was the attraction of his personality felt only in the organizations of which he was a part. A prominent attorney who was not a churchman met him at a dinner at a parishioner's home and enjoyed his conversation with him so much that he subsequently gathered together a number of his friends—other lawyers, an eminent bone surgeon, a department store executive, an insurance man—to meet regularly to hear Father Day talk on comparative religion. The group, with only a few Episcopalians in it, at times included over thirty men and met on the average of once a month from 1949 to 1953. It was discontinued only because of the other demands the men's work made upon their time.

It was always a source of wonder to those meeting Father Day for the first time that he was able to talk with them so knowingly of their work and interests. Only on more intimate acquaintance did they realize that he knew the vocabulary of every profession. This was indeed the key to his ability to meet men wherever they were spiritually, and to lead them deeper into the Christian life.

When the transition had been made from their field to his, oddly enough he never seemed to be talking "religion." He conveyed the faith obliquely by talking about church architecture or history or symbolism or where a prayer book collect dated from—all factual information quite palatable to men who might have been embarrassed by a mystical approach. At the same time

he was so quietly certain and unapologetic, so lacking in diffidence about his own faith that he communicated that certainty to others. As one man put it, "Father Day believes the whole package." The result was that men who could not rival his store of information nonetheless found themselves, often to their own surprise, talking about their religion in cars, in clubs, over office desks with easy, unashamed articulateness in an imitation of his own unequivocal example.

The leadership of such a priest produced a parish strong in masculine attendance and support. The vestry was always a church-going vestry, not a government by Easter and Christmas Christians. Sixteen persons could kneel at once at the altar rail and it was not unusual at an early Sunday service to count a dozen of them men. Young boys saw the fathers of their friends serving as acolytes and in the last year of Father Day's rectorship, without any special promotion of the idea, there were seven father and son combinations among the acolytes and two in the choir.

A story illustrative of the quality of his relationship with men as well as other facets of his character is that of his friendship and pastoral care for the father of one of his parishioners. The elderly man's failing health had been diagnosed as cancer. His wife was far from strong and so the two were persuaded to give up their home and come to Milwaukee to be with their son and daughter-in-law.

The mother had been an active Presbyterian all her life, but the father's work as a fuel engineer for a western railroad had taken him away from home on weekends and he had never had much time or thought for religion. But they were part of his parishioner's family so Father Day went to call. He was shown to the man's bedroom and the Episcopalian daughter-in-law downstairs could tell by the sound of their voices, punctuated by hearty laughter, that they were trading stories and getting along famously.

The sick man looked forward eagerly to the visits and Father Day continued to come about twice a week for many

months. One day as he was leaving he said, "How would it be, George, if the next time I come I brought you your communion?"

The man took to the idea at once. "Only I'd want Mother to have it with me. Could she have it, too?"

"I don't see why not," Father Day replied and as the man's birthday was to be the following week, it was arranged that he should come on that day. The patient was greatly moved by the experience on what was to be his last birthday, and once a week after that Father Day brought the Sacrament to them.

When the man died, his son and daughter-in-law asked to have a requiem mass said for him and his widow wanted to attend. When they arrived in the chapel that morning she asked her son if she could receive communion too.

"I don't know," he said. "It's one thing for an unconfirmed person to receive it privately at home, but another to receive it in Church. I'll ask." He took the question to Father Day in the sacristy.

"Of course she may," the priest replied. "No one can expect a woman of her age to go through confirmation class. I'm sure our Lord will understand." This was the answer from the man whom many regarded as too "high Church" and rigorous in his ideas of religious discipline.

The day before the funeral the widow suddenly remembered that there were two hymns that her husband had always wanted sung at his funeral. A choir member friend was willing to sing them but no one recognized them or knew where they were to be found. He called Father Day, who said he would look them up. The family did not know until later that he spent the better part of a day and a half going from church to church until he found them in a Baptist hymnal and delivered them to the singer in time for him to learn them for the funeral.

Priests as well as laymen felt the influence of his personality. A former student at Nashotah Seminary wrote to Peggy:

"What little I have been able to accomplish in a rapidly lengthening priesthood has been due to his devoted teaching in

my Nashotah days; his *obiter dicta* contained more wise counsel than all the set lectures of the rest of the faculty. I am sure all those who were with him there feel the same way, and his example was as good as his teaching for all of us."

Another priest wrote:

"He was, I think, the most widely informed man I ever knew, yet there was always something about him that reminded me of the Curé d'Ars. Certainly we have few priests who have been as devoted to parish life and individual souls."

And another student, now a bishop, wrote:

"There has been much in my pastoral ministry through these many years that has had the touch of his influence as a result of the time I spent in his classes. I have always been grateful for his wise counsel and understanding."

When he was the rector of Grace Church, Muncie, a small boy in the congregation used to toddle up to the chancel every Sunday as the service began and say, "Hello, Father Day," and shake hands. Father Day would respond with loving gravity and the child would go back happily to his parents. The boy, now a priest, wrote to Peggy when Father Day died:

"He was truly a man of God and we are most grateful to God for his influence in our lives. He more than anyone else is responsible for my vocation to the priesthood, for it was he who planted the seed so long ago in Muncie."

Nor was this the only seed that bore such fruit; at least three other ordinations toward the end of his life and one shortly after were the result of the example he gave of what priesthood could be.

High places are lonely places and even a bishop may cherish a man's abiding friendship.

When Bishop Ivins, then retired and living in Florida, heard of Father Day's death, he wrote to Peggy, "I think you know of my deep love for Marshall. For fifty-four years we were together and I never loved any man as I loved him. I always admired him, his character and his brains. He and I knew each other's joys and problems as no one else shared

them. Now he has gone quickly into that life of peace toward which he looked and for which he so constantly prepared. And I still fight to try to live . . . I shall, of course, pray for both of you, although I do not believe Marshall needs my prayers. He lived so close to God and His altar."

CHAPTER 9

THE LOVE OF LIFE

IF FATHER DAY loved his people, with a godly appreciation of each one's individuality, he also loved the life they lived and enjoyed it with and through them.

Parish gatherings of all sorts gave him an obvious pleasure. At the annual bazaar which the women of the Church put on, the "used book booth" had a magnetic appeal for him greater than any human one, but at all the other affairs he would wander among the people, sometimes making conversation but more often than not just basking in the warmth of their fellowship and physical community.

The annual meetings of the parish and of the woman's auxiliary were always liberally punctuated with laughter, for he would sit beside the president, taking the chairmanship during the elections and otherwise applying Robert's Rules of Order with broad and expert strokes, and by his obvious pride and delight in the proceedings imbue them all with merriment.

Every September he and Peggy entertained the officers and chairmen of the auxiliary, the elected officers of the separate guilds, and certain other parish functionaries such as the bulletin editor and the choir mistress at a luncheon at the Woman's Club of Wisconsin. A "U" shaped table in a private dining room was set with some fifty places. He took his own choice of wine to the club the day before so it would be properly chilled, and the menu was planned with care and taste. After the luncheon he would speak to his guests of the work they had done and of the tasks that lay ahead in a voice that was warm with trust and approval.

His relationship with the women of his church was a

uniquely Christian one and issued in a uniquely Christian association among them. His manner with them was fatherly without being heavily patriarchal; it was loving but detached. He praised them, one to another, and if he thought one was waiting to be recognized or thanked, he made a point of doing so, though oddly enough he seldom thanked those closest to him. What they had done he assumed had been done for God, not Marshall Day, and he never claimed it by his gratitude. Only occasionally did he make an oblique expression of his appreciation for the support they gave him or a job done especially well. He made no outward show of favoritism among them; the tone of his voice and now and then a kind of arabesque on the "ee" sound, as "good byeee" were the closest that he came to revealing his special affection. By thus mirroring God's kind of love, he showed the women the quality of love they must bear one another, and newcomers entering the fold and close observers on the fringe commented often on the sisterly and truly Christian way that Christ Church women worked together and shared the pleasures of their leisure time.

Though he had played no musical instrument since he had abandoned his youthful proficiency on the flute, Father Day was a thoroughly knowledgeable musician. He knew the tunes, tune names, origin and words of fully half the hymns in the Hymnal and was equally familiar with other forms of music written for church purposes.

His father had been an architect whose true love was the stage. He had designed sets for the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas and Father Day knew them all and delighted in their irresistible tunes and sly humor. At the song fests that climaxed the annual choir picnics he would endure the "Dear Ol' Pal" type of song just so long, then his amiable look would brighten into real merriment, his feet would begin to jig, and he would burst out with a stanza or two from "Pinafore" or the "Pirates of Penzance."

Of the classics his specialty and favorite was Wagner. He and Peggy had identified themes in Wagnerian operas that were

not even listed in the books of musicology. Nearly every winter a group of parishioners and friends would meet at the rectory on alternate Sunday evenings to study and enjoy their records with them. Now and then, the Days were invited to do a program together, usually on *Parsifal*, for some Milwaukee group. Father Day would tend the record player and explain the opera while Peggy sketched the themes on the piano, and the two of them would infect the group with their own appreciative understanding of the work, for with both of them to treasure was to share.

Father Day saw in much of Protestantism a return to Judaism and an effort to legislate men to goodness. Though never given to strong denunciations, he expressed his disagreement with the Protestant approach to such things as drinking and smoking. Whatever God had made was good and to be enjoyed by man with reverence and moderation. There was no evil in the thing itself, but only in the use man made of it.

A man in the parish once gave him some fine Havana cigars that had arrived that very day by air. He asked him later what he'd thought of them. "Fine, fine," Father Day replied with thanks, and then added with a chuckle, "though I'm not much of an authority. I'll smoke anything that burns and drink anything that pours." With perfect truth, he might have added, "in judicious quantities."

He owned, Peggy said, fourteen pipes which he mislaid all about the rectory and his office. When away from home he was more likely to smoke cigarettes in a short carved ivory holder. Where wines and brandies were concerned he had a connoisseur's palate though not a connoisseur's disdain. He drank companionably whatever cup was offered him, but with truly Christian temperateness.

Father Day always enjoyed the parties that he and Peggy went to among the people of the parish and they were delightful guests. Sometimes they would get to reminiscing gaily over the books they had read as children or the *St. Nicholas* magazine, sometimes about the stimulating young minds they had

known at Valparaiso when Father Day was a vicar in the college town, or sometimes of the house they had lived in at Nashotah and the happy times they had had there. Both were full of whimsical quotations, and a conversation of which they were a part rippled and dived through the breadth and depth of their many interests and lifetime of experiences.

Seldom would such a gathering end without someone baiting Father Day with a question or two to start the mellow flow of his scholarly thought and his peculiarly balanced and penetrating opinions.

One of the most memorable of these social occasions occurred a few months before his death. Well over a dozen couples in Christ Church parish had attended the parish family life conferences, then being fostered by the National Council of the Church, and had formed a rather loosely organized "alumni" group to welcome back successive conferees and share the resultant fervor with them. Father Day had been a trifle skeptical at first, as many older priests were apt to be, but had soon given his wholehearted support to the program and in June he and Peggy attended one themselves. An especially festive welcome home was prepared for them, with cocktails in the garden and a pot luck supper at a parishioner's home.

As darkness and mosquitoes at last drove the guests indoors, some thirty of them gathered in the living room, the younger ones sitting on window sills or curled up on the floor. Father Day, as usual, had found a Windsor chair which accommodated his small frame with a combination of alertness and repose, and had brought along a pipe. The reaction he and Peggy had had to the conference was, of course, what the guests were eager to hear and the host gave him the floor with a question or two. He alluded with enthusiasm to the experience and offered a tempered view of the program itself as being generally very good though not the complete solution to parish effectiveness.

The topic shifted as questions came from guests around the room and Father Day was at his best, lively and witty and obviously responding to the appreciativeness of his audience. A

young priest from out of town was there. He had come with one of the guests and was known slightly by many in the group. He had talked earlier of his present situation, which he found not a happy one. Now, apropos of making the Church effective in a community, he launched on a tirade about the people in the housing development that he served and how badly they were bringing up their children—spoiled, noisy, undisciplined, ill-mannered, perfect prospects as far as he could see for all sorts of psychological disasters.

"Now," he demanded of Father Day across the rest of the audience, "is it my Christian duty to go to these people and tell them that they are doing things all wrong?"

There was silence while Father Day pulled a time or two upon his pipe, and everyone waited for his word.

"Yes, it is your Christian duty, Father," he said amiably, "to point out to those parents what they are doing wrong." He took another puff for quiet emphasis and added, "But you aren't necessarily committed to that technique!" The guests hugged themselves with glee at his typical finesse.

As Father Day's flair for anecdote glowed even brighter all serious talk was abandoned and the evening became pure fun. Claiming that he was rarely disconcerted by the things that he saw from the chancel, he recalled two occasions that were exceptions to the rule. In one of his Indiana parishes there was a heavy-set young woman who was given to very stylish dress. One Sunday he watched her from the choir as she tried to enter the church. Only one side of the double church door was open. She appeared outside wearing an enormous Merry Widow hat, and twist and turn her head as she might, she couldn't get it through. Finally some one opened the other door.

On the other occasion the youngest child of a large family was parked in the aisle in a go-cart. As Father Day mounted the pulpit and began to preach, he realized that the youngster had smuggled a kitten into church. He only became alarmed when he saw the child, unnoticed by its parents, begin to "unscrew" the kitten's head. The story, as he told it, was ac-

companied by such well timed and realistic gestures that the shrieking audience felt no anticlimax when the cat was spared.

Comedy and learning, whimsy and neat repartee, all blended with a true Christian's proportioned view of life to make this man an entertaining and stimulating one to be with. But along with the pleasant memories, his listeners carried away from occasions such as this a greater respect for the Church that had nurtured him and a nostalgic yearning to see God's world with the same joyful wonder that he saw in all of it.

CHAPTER 10

HEAVEN AND EARTHINESS

"WELL, NOW, PEGGY, which will you have, brains or brawn?"

If Peggy said "brawn," which she seldom did, the rector would pick up a towel and dry the dishes. But if she said "brains" he would chuckle happily and fetch the book they were currently reading—maybe Austen over again, maybe *Those of the Forest*, Wallace Byron Grange's story of Wisconsin wild life, maybe Dom Gregory Dix—and follow her around reading aloud as she cleared away their luncheon or supper things. At other times he would read aloud while she knitted, a pastime and skill at which she was very proficient. In this way, in spite of their heavy schedules—she taught some forty piano students every week—they managed to do a considerable amount of reading together.

Father Day was a happy family man. His wife was a companion for him intellectually, an easy, gracious hostess, bright and vivacious where he found it hard to be, and unselfish about the demands his priesthood made upon him.

Dick, the Days' adopted son, was a tender hearted, sensitive boy to whom music was all in all. He went to California as a very young man, married there and had two children. His career was interrupted by long periods of poor health and the Days yearned over him with the particular love parents have for a child whose talents and great goodness cannot flower in commensurate worldly success. They admired and appreciated his wife, and though the families were many miles apart they were bound together in close affection.

Peter attended St. John's Military Academy at Delafield

during the years that Father Day was teaching at nearby Nashotah and graduated with high honors. He went on to Dartmouth College, returning after graduation to work for *The Living Church*, then published by the Morehouse-Gorham Co. Later he succeeded to the position of editor when the magazine was transferred to the Church Literature Foundation.

He and his wife and son and daughter lived close enough to be often at the rectory. With this daughter-in-law, too, the Days had a happy relationship, often speaking with approval of the way she raised her children and of the understanding and support she gave their son. The Days took these grandchildren for two weeks each summer, affording the parents a vacation and themselves the delight of picnics, the stories and music of childhood, and occasional excursions to points of interest in and around Milwaukee.

At least a part of their own vacation was always spent at Sister Bay in Door County. They took a hotel cottage at a resort—Father Day did not hold with Peggy's "keeping house with poor tools"—near the summer home of two close friends, Dr. and Mrs. F. Herbert Haessler, with whom they spent happy hours reading aloud. The two women enjoyed walks and there were birding expeditions by car along the narrow roads of the peninsula.

Father Day always took a portable communion set and feast and family days were kept with a Eucharist. On Sundays he celebrated on the Haesslers' porch. He and Peggy said daily matins and evensong as they did at home.

Peggy's piano teaching restricted to some extent her activities as the rector's wife, though she belonged to the choir guild and later to the altar guild and from the very beginning took charge of the Sunday school kindergarten. With her merry personality and her music she made this one of the most successful departments of the Sunday school, enjoying later on the pleasure and satisfaction of having former pupils bring their own youngsters back to Christ Church to her.

But if her day by day contacts with the parish women were

less than in some parishes, this was more than compensated for by the hospitality of the rectory when the piano was silent. The reception on the Feast of Christ the King was the climax of the year but small dinner parties, served by a competent cateress, brought parish friends together at other times. Less formal, sometimes impromptu, gatherings took place on Sunday nights and occasionally there were guests for breakfast. When Peggy would suggest to a handful of women, perhaps at a weekday nine o'clock communion, that they come over to the rectory, Father Day would go off through the vacant lot to the bakery on Silver Spring to return shortly with a sack of breakfast rolls. A perennial source of fun at these parties was his insistence on finger bowls; then, he maintained, when you were eating sticky pastries, and not at formal dinner parties was when you really needed them!

Father Day's domestic whims were evident also in the sacristy. He had pronounced views on which of the altar fixtures should be polished and how, was conversant with the types of fabric used for vestments and their care, and was particularly specific on how "witches," as he called the charred bits of candle wick, should be disembedded from the wax. If he suspected an altar guild woman, on a Saturday morning, was about to dig them out with a knife, he would get to the candle first, light it, and then carefully fish for them with a spoon, making sure that they were not broken into smaller pieces and that all of them were removed.

This same practicality, this earthiness, was in no way at odds with Father Day's spirituality but was, indeed, a part of it.

"You are entitled to pray for anything you think you have a right to—even a new hat!" he said again and again, an illuminating viewpoint to the people who thought God was not concerned with little things. As a corollary, he insisted that no prayer goes unanswered, though the answer is sometimes different from what we had hoped. This implied that we must strive to pray more and more for the thing God wants us to have, to join our wills with His. For example, he said it was commenda-

ble to pray before an athletic contest, not for victory, but to do one's best.

"Weather," Father Day would say, "is not for city people; it is for farmers who are dependent upon it for their living." So, if he found occasion to mention it in his prayers, he did so with the rural point of view. Once during a prolonged drought, he began to pray for rain. Rain came and lasted for days and days. His son suggested that he pray for it to stop, but only convinced him that he should by pointing out that even the farmers had had enough.

Father Day had a deep distaste for the phrases like "passed away" so often used by laymen to avoid mentioning the fact of death. A Christian, he felt, more than anyone, should be able to cope with the subject on honest terms. Though he called deathbed conversions unsporting, and would never disturb a mind that was unprepared to know the medical truth, he felt that the practice of being secretive about fatal illnesses was theologically unsound. Excessive mourning, too, he felt was at variance with truly Christian behavior, and he knew from years of observation that the noisier it was, the less apt it was to be sincere.

To illustrate this point he told a story about a German family in one of his Indiana parishes who had lost their mother. The youngest daughter appeared to have had an exceptional attachment for her parent; and though a grown woman, and a robust one at that, she carried on with a great display of grief.

Because the land level in that town was below the lake, the body had to be taken to another city to be buried. As Father Day stood in the cold wind, reading the burial office in German, he watched with helpless horror as the daughter, with a last whoop of anguish threw herself upon the casket being lowered in the grave. The pallbearers hauled her out and stood her on her feet.

At this point in the story he would bounce to his feet, shrug himself like a woman adjusting her clothes, flick some imaginary grave dirt off his bosom, and exclaim:

"As soon as she heard my book snap shut she said in a loud and perfectly normal voice, 'Now, var is vun of dem gud Cherman rest'rants var ve can all get a fine meal?' "

A local undertaker tells the story of a conference with Father Day just before a funeral. The undertaker accounted for everything as being in readiness and handed Father Day the instrument he used to sprinkle earth upon the grave. With a mortician's penchant for substituting illusion for the fact, the good man had filled the gadget with clean sand.

"Sand," snorted Father Day. "Nothing grows in sand!" and he led the way at once to the garden. A little later, while he commended the soul of this "brother departed" unto Almighty God, he cast upon the body rich, brown earth.

CEREMONIAL SNAFU

HIGH CHURCH MEN who loved precise and polished ceremonial and low church men who were rigid in their abstinences were both in for something of a shock when they attended Christ Church, Whitefish Bay. It used more ritual and found more occasions for it than any parish round about, but there was nothing prim or precious in its manner of doing so. Indeed, there was a certain creative quality underlying all of it that made for a feeling of spontaneity in the worship, but also caused many ceremonial emergencies that were quite unnerving to the participants at the time.

Because of Father Day's own father's avocation as a stage designer the stars of the New York productions during his childhood were familiar personalities to the future priest. Father Day's anecdotes were always enlivened by his actor's skill and he understood the value of drama when used to teach as well as to entertain.

Often accused of being "high church," he never advocated ritual as an end in itself, but always as a dramatic enhancement of the art of worship. The origin and variations of all Christian ceremonial interested him, and, as was the case in whatever field of knowledge he entered, he had become a human storehouse of detailed information. At no time, however, was he tempted to make the business of worship his god.

Although on Sundays he followed the Prayer Book service of Holy Communion, for the daily weekday masses he used *The American Missal*. Since the idea of a daily Eucharist was basic to his concept of the Church, he was perhaps more ready to appreciate the schematic variations on the Christian year

offered by the Missal than were the priests who read the skeletal form of the service from the Prayer Book only a few times a week.

Benediction was held on Sunday afternoons for a few years in the early days of the parish at the behest of a few interested parishioners, but in time the service was dropped. Incense, sanctus bells and votive lights would have delighted Father Day but his understanding of true catholicism was too great for him to impose any superficial trappings upon an unwilling parish. Instead, he led his people gently, teaching them at every step to see the meaning behind the accoutrements of worship.

Holy Week, however, gave him an acceptable time in which to indulge his love of religious artistry and teach his people through the medium of drama. Some services were well attended and some were not, but for those persons who went along with him, step by step, Lent closed with a pageantry that could hardly fail to deepen their appreciation of the glory of Easter day. For all of this he used *The American Holy Week Manual*, edited by Earle Hewitt Maddux, S.S.J.E., which amplified somewhat the same material in the Missal.

On the eve of Passion Sunday the several pictures and crosses in the Church were veiled with purple, and though, of course, the coverings of the altar crosses were changed to white for Maundy Thursday and black on Good Friday, the purple covered all the other objets d'art until Easter Even.

On Palm Sunday morning each worshipper was given a long and sturdy clump of palm leaves that had been blessed at the early mass and which was to be held upon the shoulder, soldier fashion, during the Gospel and the Creed.

Before the high mass at eleven o'clock the choir and clergy walked silently into Church and took their places. The choir and congregation filed up to receive their palms, kneeling at the altar rail. This done, the choir procession formed and marched down the center aisle singing "Ride on! ride on in majesty!" and out of the front door of the building regardless of the chill Wisconsin spring. The junior choir remained just inside the

closed doors; outside, the priest and singers began the first verse of "All glory, laud, and honor to thee, Redeemer, King." * The young voices repeated it then and after each succeeding verse sung by those outside. Then the crucifer knocked on the door with the heel of the cross, symbolizing, of course, Christ's entry into Jerusalem; the door was opened and the choir, acolytes and priests proceeded to the sanctuary again, singing "The royal banners forward go." The celebrant removed his cope of gold brocade and the mass began.

This was an impressive piece of religious drama, but like all such occasions it was a special trap for the high-, but absent-minded rector. One Palm Sunday he had his forces properly deployed in the sanctuary and had said his preliminary prayers when he turned and nodded to the organist. The worthy man sent a frantic look toward the choir mistress. Her shoulders lifted, signalling bewilderment. Father Day stood, waiting. So the music started, the procession formed and moved slowly down the center aisle. He had gone perhaps ten paces when it came to the priest that he was not carrying a palm.

"Stop!" he thundered. "We mustn't do this without the palms!"

"What happened then was not a recessional," the choir mistress, Mrs. John Dorr, laughingly recalls, "it was a rout!"

The strange thing about such occasions (and there were several) was that they never were a travesty. The choir and acolytes scurried back to their places and the service began again where it had gone awry. Everyone was embarrassed but no one was angry. The experienced ones simply filed it away as another funny story to tell about this man they loved. Beneath it all, because they loved him, it was a vicarious lesson in humility.

Maundy Thursday was fully observed as the institution of the Blessed Sacrament, with a twenty-four hour vigil before the chapel altar of repose. The chart on which parishioners signed up for half hour intervals of the vigil never lacked for names,

* This is the reverse of the Hymnal rubric but arranged by Father Day because it gave the children the easier task.

and many a man, otherwise quite diffident about his faith, looked forward from year to year to the experience of being alone with his Lord in the still of the night and the intimate beauty of the chapel.

The vigil ended Good Friday morning with the Liturgy of the Presanctified. This was the service which Father Day thought the children should attend as having more dramatic interest than the rounds of prayer and preaching from twelve to three.

Though some of the extra ceremonial used in Christ Church might be unfamiliar to many in the congregation, it seldom presented a greater problem than whether one should kneel or stand at a certain time. The Liturgy of the Presanctified was of a different order, however, and few learned to negotiate it without mishap.

The service began with a succession of "Solemn Collects" interspersed with orders to "Bow the knee!" and "Arise!" spoken loudly several times by the curate or one of the older acolytes. The children and the scattering of mothers present were perennially unprepared for this strange routine and seldom managed to synchronize their bobbing up and down.

Every Wednesday afternoon during Lent the children had come to church for their own service, and always at the close Father Day had led them in procession twice around the Church singing with him, as a litany, Hymn No. 82 with the refrain "Hear us, Holy Jesus." This was in general preparation for the procession into the chapel to bring the Presanctified Host back to the high altar. On Good Friday morning with his acolytes and a handful of choir members who had come out to lend support, he would come down the center aisle and turn toward the chapel door. The children, uncertain at this change of route, would fall in somewhat irregularly behind him. Taking the reserved ciborium from the tabernacle and holding it reverently before him, he would turn to face a complete traffic jam of mystified youngsters and singers in the chapel aisle.

Somehow, reverence always conquered the obstacles of space and furniture and made straight the way of the Lord.

Each year whatever acolytes and younger clergy were to take part in this particular service would try to get the book and determine the ritual ahead of time. Each year Father Day would be inspired to amend the Cowley Fathers and change the signals somewhere along the line. Though he often left his backfield guessing, his learning and liturgical instinct always won the day. The children accepted it all with wonder and delight. Adults at times were hard put not to titter. But the little man in charge was beyond embarrassment. With the simple heartedness of the Juggler of Notre Dame he was busy, not with biceps but with brain, acting out a play to the glory of God and that is what it always was in the end.

He always managed to find some babies to baptize on Easter Even because that was the time that the ancient Church had taken new members in. Then the huge paschal candle with the five red ornamental nails was lighted with new fire, ceremoniously stuck in a tinder box at the back of the Church and carried in procession down the center aisle. A boy had been previously coached to flip a switch when the candle caught the fire and the dim church was dramatically flooded with light. Then, moving majestically from this climax, the rector led a procession around the Church and at each picture an acolyte tore the purple veil away. (The altar guild members had knowingly tacked the corners loosely!)

There were seldom more than a handful of spectators at this service. Since acolytes have a way of growing up there were never more than one or two of them who had any real recollection of what had been done the year before, and they could only follow where their rector led. But Father Day instructed them *sotto voce* as he went along and carried on as if the church were full; a drama had been unfolding all week and the final act on the morrow must have this prologue on Easter Eve.

While nearly every Whitefish Bay church was busy celebrating Reformation Sunday, Christ Church would be celebrat-

ing the Feast of Christ the King. A sparkle of anticipation would begin to show in Father Day weeks ahead of time. He loved the afternoon reception—he always called it "party"—at the rectory. He loved to take the birthday measure of the parish growth. He loved feast days anyway, and he particularly loved this one's twofold significance.

As on Palm Sunday, the cast of characters assembled silently, in order that special business might be taken up before the procession and the mass—on this day the awarding of crosses with colored ribbons to all the acolytes and choir members according to their length of service. This was often another occasion of churchly snafu until the rector's secretary devised a continuing list and the master of ceremonies learned to take a masterly hand, for the mind that could identify at least twenty-five kinds of vireos and warblers got all mixed up handing out the five colors of ribbons.

Though the day was fraught with ceremonial hazards and seldom went off without a lost cue here and there; no one minded a bit. Indeed, the parish, infected with their pastor's joy in the growing fellowship, came to love the feast as he did.

The Bishop of Milwaukee, the Rt. Rev. Benjamin F. P. Ivins, was a tall portly man with a mellow voice, a smooth flow of words, and a great deal of easy personal charm. He and Father Day had been friends since their prep-school days and had a deep affection for one another, built upon their common dedication to the Catholic faith and their regard for the qualities in each other which they lacked. The priest enjoyed and savored his friend's rank and often addressed him in the English fashion as "Milord."

The Bishop appointed Marshall Day a Canon in 1941 and thereafter on all ceremonial occasions asked him to serve as his chaplain. Father Day prized the honor highly and enjoyed the duties of the office to the utmost. He watched with a knowing eye every move of the ceremonial and at these times executed his part with precision.



—Milwaukee Journal Photo

THE BISHOP'S CHAPLAIN

Interrogation of the Bishop-elect: "Are you persuaded that you are truly called to this Ministraton, according to the will of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the order of this Church?"

Scene at the consecration of the Rt. Rev. Donald H. V. Hallock, All Saints Cathedral, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, January 10, 1952.

Those who knew him and saw him on these occasions always felt their hearts melting at the sight. He was such a little fellow, with his glasses and fuzzy balding head, and for all the dignity required to carry the Bishop's crook, his step was always light for the sheer enjoyment of what he was doing. As he followed behind his lord at the end of a procession of dignitaries he managed to look like nothing quite so much as a good and happy gnome.

The look was not deceptive: it was the pixie element in his makeup—of which he himself was unaware—that rescued all the Christ Church ceremonial from being either fumbling ritualism or pomposity.

"The excellence of the work is *caeteris paribus* in proportion to the joy of the workman."—RUSKIN.

CHAPTER 12

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

BENEATH THE JOY with which Father Day entered into and used drama and color and symbolism to show forth the mighty works of God and to offer praise and thanks was a personal dedication to a concept of the Church based on penetrating religious insight, historical perspective and well considered observations and experience. He was a "Catholic" in the most accurate theological sense of the word.

Father Day left very little of his thought in writing but among his papers was a copy of part of a letter which he had written to a former parishioner in Muncie in reply to one dated January 7, 1926. The man's letter was full of local news and clearly not intended to elicit a weighty response, but it included a friendly hint that many of the more influential people would prefer a middle-of-the-road type of churchmanship. This served to provoke a description of Father Day's own concept of the Church and of the background which had molded it.

His letter follows:

"Let me put it this way: *Who* is following in any movement is a vastly important question, *How Many* is also important, but not equally so; *Whither* you are leading them comes first of all. Now the goal of all religion is union with God, and the type of character produced by any religious system is vitally important as the primary means of that union.

"The Catholic religion of the undivided Western Church certainly justified itself under this test. It did produce saints who knew God. Unfortunately the Church fell into the power of the less religious element in it, and under the impression that it was not producing saints rapidly enough or in sufficient

numbers, men gave up the old system and made the daring experiment of Protestantism and the more timid and less superficially attractive experiment of Anglo-Catholicism. (I am deliberately ignoring the economic and political aspects of the *soi disant* Reformation and considering only those whose motives were religious and sincere.)

"For a while Protestantism seemed to justify men's expectations—it did produce saints. But the spiritually productive impulse seemed curiously temporary. The only way it seemed able to go on producing them was by a continual reformation of the reformation. Only by a continual breaking up into new divisions could the impulse be kept alive. Protestantism stands today as an experiment that has failed. Sincere men are asking if its appearance was not the beginning of the breakup of Christianity. Some, the Modernists, are trying to save the old machine by diverting its purpose to the making of a new product, social reformers, instead of saints. Others, the Fundamentalists, are trying by vociferous assertion to blind their own eyes to the patent failure. The bulk [of the Protestants] seem simply trying to keep the old machine going by artificial stimulation, taking every means that will bring followers to their standard and hushing up the inconvenient question of whether the standard is moving, or whether it *is* moving.

"The death of Protestantism is slow and the old spiritual impulse is not completely lost. Old Dr. _____ could stand up in the Ministerial association and rebuke with the original Methodist fire Dr. _____ when he said that except for the prayers he had to make in public he had ceased to pray. But it has been obvious for at least a generation that Protestantism is failing. For this reason still other thoughtful men are asking whether the original Protestant power to produce saints did not come from the impetus it carried over from its Catholic origin, and, finding that, where the Catholic impetus still lives and works, saints—however hidden beneath a mass of evils and corruptions—are still produced, these men are concluding that they have found a vital fact.

"Now the Anglo-Catholic experiment was a thing so sane and moderate that at the first it failed to attract. The hot-heads either ran on into Protestantism or swung back to Rome, with the result that Anglicanism had a long and deep infiltration of alien and Protestant influence. English politics added to the confusion, and so for about two centuries the Anglican Reformation had all it could do to maintain its existence, with no question of open and aggressive growth.

"Quite naturally the failure of Protestantism became most rapidly manifest in the place where it was never more than an artificial or exotic growth, the Anglican Communion, and the way was prepared for the Oxford Movement to bring to light the true principles of the English Catholic Reformation, which in spite of persecutions and desertions, in spite of misrepresentations and misunderstandings, in spite of a very real poverty in the matter of this world's goods, has since been steadily sweeping over the face of the land.

"In about the middle of this movement I was born. My father can still remember the three-decker pulpit, the parson and clerk gabbling hastily through Matins while the congregation sat bolt upright, finally coming to life to listen to a sixty-minute sermon, the storm when the parson began to retain his surplice and scarf for the sermon instead of changing into a college gown.

"In New York City I had the opportunity to see and weigh every type of Episcopalianism. I was confirmed in one of the chapels of Trinity parish, St. Agnes', that great shrine of 'moderate churchmanship.' I am named after the founder of *The Churchman*, Marshall Mallory. I roamed all over the city and saw all the great broad churchmen and low churchmen, and at General Theological Seminary I had another and more intimate view in cross section of the whole Church, for it is the only one of our schools that has on its faculty churchmen of every stamp. I have grown up with churchmen all the way from the Orange Lodge to the Society of SS. Peter and Paul and I feel I am in a position to know whereof I speak.

"Low churchmanship, the engrafted Evangelical Protestantism, never did gain much hold on America, except in those Southern colonies where the Church was established [politically]. The sincere and religious minded Puritans who came to the other colonies promptly took advantage of their liberty to become Congregationalists. The disappearance of Evangelicalism as an effective force within the Church was therefore much more rapid than in England, and by 1900 was about complete. The dominant school of churchmanship was the old moderate or Connecticut, the so-called high and dry churchmen, the men who kept the Catholic impulse alive through the age of Evangelical domination, but did nothing in particular with it. The schools that were struggling and growing and eventually replaced the Evangelical and the high were the Catholic and the broad (the Modernists).

"Even in my youth it was plain enough that, from the religious angle, considered as a means of changing men's characters and bringing them to God, mere Episcopalianism was surely as decadent as Protestantism. It could, and did, keep men respectable, but it could not make them saints and it did not even try to reach the outcast and the sinner, content rather loftily to pass the latter duty over to the Salvation Army. . . .

"The appeal of the service was limited to the cultivated, for it was not the dramatic setting forth of His Passion designed and ordered by Christ Himself, but Morning Prayer, a service devised by men of lesser insight as an additional and special devotion for the clergy and the very devout. No, the Episcopalianism that surrounded my boyhood was capable of maintaining the *status quo*. It could never have taken a man and changed him into something different from what he was.

"Of the failure of Modernism as a religious system I have no need to speak. The *Atlantic Monthly* has had several articles recently, not by its opponents but by the Modernists themselves, admitting their failure to lead men to God. Dr. Heber Newton, the most advanced of all the broads [Modernists] in my day, has come out equally plainly with the confession of its failure

to reach and hold men. The wealthy and cultivated it reaches, but neither the wealthy and uncultivated nor the common man. . . . It cannot lead to God nor give a vital touch with the supernatural, for the further you progress in its tendency the less you have of God and the supernatural to come in touch with. Interest in one's fellow man it had in plenty, and a wonderful love for the poor, aiming with all its heart to do them good. But while Modernism has had its saints . . . they seem rather to be the late flowering of the vital impulse surviving from its old Evangelical and Catholic origins.

"But I did find in Catholics—Anglican, Roman or Greek—a real power to see God and to show Him to others. . . . It reaches the top of society and strata so low that Protestantism merely draws back the hem of its garment and passes them by. On an ordinary Thursday morning, at the edge of the Loop in Chicago, I have seen an old Franciscan friar give Holy Communion to 2000 men and women, chiefly men, who had come on their way to their daily tasks. And not merely the very devout but the very ordinary with them.

"In our own churches I have felt that great release of spiritual power that comes with real worship, not simply in my soul, but surging up from the souls of others at the Eucharist, in sick-rooms, in the confessional, but though I have said Matins daily, in public and in private for many years I have never found anything similar, except when it is used here (at Nashotah) as a preparatory devotion to the Sacrifice. You have yourself frequently remarked to me 'That was a great service.' In every case that has been after a Communion except once at Confirmation. It was always a Sacramental ministration, never the isolated and aimless Matins.

"Now, there is the situation in which I found myself. Two schools of thought in the Church (the Catholic and the broad) vitally alive, one (the old Evangelical) dying or rather transferring its vitality to the two living ones, and another (the old high and dry) just going through, with various degrees of elaboration, a ceremonial formula because it was the thing to do,

refusing to ask or even to be told why. Whenever either of those two newer schools appeared where it had not been known before the first effect was apt to be diminution of support, but they were both gloriously indifferent to support if only their message might be clearly set forth. But of these two schools I found one (the broad) so overwhelmed with its vision of man and of the dignity of the human intellect that it was constantly tending to surrender its vision of God to the demands of the latest philosophy, the newest psychology; its logical end [is] the Society for Ethical Culture—the noble product of a most noble soul, Felix Adler. The other, the Catholic, sometimes erring on the side of forgetting that it lived in and was to save a real world, but always pointing and bringing men to God, was, as a matter of fact, producing saints. Those two schools of thought may at first cause the Church to diminish, as I have said, but they will draw into themselves all that is vital in the Church, all those sufficiently interested in their religion to have misgivings about it.

"But the broad school can never stop in the Church. It is the logical development of Protestantism, admitting that as a religion it has failed, but attempting to save the Church as an institution by diverting its activities to a new purpose. Protestantism threw away the Sacraments, Modernism finishes the jettison by throwing away the supernatural. And this to hold or attract if possible our younger intellectuals, who will have none of it! As many have said to me, 'We want God or we want to be sure of our escape from God. Liberal Christianity has no appeal, beyond the evident sincerity of Dr. Fosdick.'

"So you see, while I can and do urge upon the younger generation to present their message as wisely and attractively as possible, to feed babes with milk, to sacrifice the nonessential temporarily for the sake of the essential, I can never conscientiously advise any other aim than the complete Catholic program, for that and that only has demonstrated its vitality as a religious system. Protestantism as a religion is dead. It has ceased to talk of God, preferring prohibition and Sunday clos-

ing as less controversial topics. Modernism now asks us to abandon the Apostles' Creed, tomorrow it will add theism to the sacrifice. Its own leaders, carefully suppressing their names, admit that it attracts none but the rich and powerful in an age when power, or rather leadership, is slipping from the hands of the rich. When by 'who is following?' you mean to ask where the people are that love God and desire to change themselves, the answer as far as the P. E. Church [is concerned] is plain. . . . Catholicism is the only religious system that has sufficient supernatural vitality to be able to live in the modern world, draw in and use all its light, and yet not be so dazzled thereby that it loses its vision of God.

"Forgive the length of this . . . I should much prefer to talk about it all than to write.

"Our best regards,

"Marshall Day."

Commenting on the meaning of the word "Catholic" as used in this letter, Peter Day, editor of *The Living Church*, writes:

"When an Episcopalian calls himself a 'Catholic' he realizes with regret that the term is likely to cause some confusion in the minds of members of other Churches. The term did not, to Father Day, mean 'like the Roman Catholic' or 'appreciating or imitating Roman Catholicism.' Rather, it meant that the Episcopal Church was an authentic, self-governing part of the Church that Christ founded, the heir of His promises and the administrator of His authority. To call oneself a Catholic is the natural corollary of professing belief in the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church of the Apostles' and the Nicene Creeds.

"The prefix 'Anglo-' sometimes added to distinguished Anglican Catholics from Romans and others, could seldom be correctly applied to points of doctrine, discipline or worship. Anglican Catholics did not, in Father Day's judgment, fight for peculiarly Anglican principles, but rather for the principles of the universal (Catholic) Church. An Anglo-Catholic is one

who tries to promote Catholic (not Roman) Faith and Life in the Anglican Communion. He approves of Roman practices to the extent that they seem to be a legitimate development from the teachings of Christ and His Apostles and in accord with the norms of the early Church. He disapproves of peculiarly Roman departures from those norms just as much as he disapproves of Anglican or Protestant departures. (The use of the word 'Catholic' became popular in 19th century England at a time when Romanists were usually called 'papists' or 'recusants'; it was not taken from current terminology referring to another Church, but from the creeds and from the doctrinal writings of the ancient fathers and of post-Reformation Anglican theologians.)"

At various times Father Day belonged to several of the organizations within the Episcopal Church to promote the Catholic cause or particular aspects of it, but together with most of his clerical brethren he sometimes mourned the tendency of such organizations to follow the leadership of their most narrowly partisan members. The Church's job, as he saw it, was to produce saints—men and women on fire with the love of God; and Anglo-Catholic organizational activity was to be evaluated by its contribution to this primary objective.

Church politics, a field of passionate interest to some of the clergy, was the least of his concerns. Yet he delighted in his election as a deputy to the Church's highest governing body, General Convention, in 1949, and in the sessions at San Francisco he caucused enthusiastically with his Catholic brethren and caused the microphones to tremble when he spoke from the floor.

Of a deeper and lasting satisfaction was his work on *The American Missal*. Serving as co-editor with Bishop Ivins, the Rev. Vivan Peterson, and Canon Winfred Douglas, he took great delight in the scholarly research which preceded its publication in 1931 and believed firmly in its value to the cause of the Catholic religion.

When at last he entered the Church Expectant Father Day left a parish that had substantiated his faith in the power of

the Catholic religion, and which testified to his wisdom as to the means of promoting it. In their vibrant awareness of their fellowship, in the charity and forbearance of which their bonds were fashioned, in their zeal to share their faith, in the joy with which they held to it on dark days as well as fair, his people showed that they had found the Light which Christians had followed centuries before and were able to follow it down the pathways of their own time.

THE PARISH

THE PRIEST sat in the sanctuary of his church. His assistant was preaching—a good man, Victor Bolle—and the rector's eye travelled reflectively about. In a year he would retire; instinctively he pushed the idea down, but there it lay, coloring his thoughts. He looked toward the altar. The altar and flower guild women sputtered about the color of that dossal, a twenty foot hanging of Flemish cotton print, banded with a foot wide border of solid rust shade. It hadn't been expensive, and it was true that it had faded from its original redness. Perhaps it was a hard shade to put flowers in front of, but he had always liked it—liked it very much. Well, no matter. An anonymous donor was giving a tall carved wood reredos to match the other sanctuary furnishings. The credence table, sedilia and acolyte stools were new. Their pinkish tinge was already mellowing to match the yellow wood tones of the choir and altar rails, and the cover for the font which had been installed a year ago. He wouldn't mind seeing the altar go. It was a makeshift thing of building board painted a walnut brown. The bronze plaque of the "Last Supper," set in the center panel, was good but it ought to be set in white marble. That, too, would come. Did he guess that it would be his own memorial, that his ashes would be sealed in the floor beside it?

He hoped they would always keep the chapel altar, though. It was sound wood, a warm-stained oak, nicely but sparingly trimmed with carving. How often he had celebrated the mass before it, standing on the worn oriental rug with its coral red tones and grey! "All glory be to Thee, Almighty God. . . ." It would be a good thing, though, to put in a bronze tabernacle—

it would be a safer place to keep the Sacrament than the wooden one and could be built in quite easily by cutting the retable so . . .

The priest's eyes wandered along the windows and the stained unpainted plaster walls between them to the back of the church. It was a truncated structure now, but his vision pierced the "west" wall and he saw the nave full length as it would be. Soon, now . . . the money had been raised. It would be done next year by the Feast of Christ the King. The young Bishop, Donald Hallock, would come and bless it . . . fine man, glad we have him . . . making a fine bishop. Comes here for the week-day celebrations whenever he can . . . knew his father, Frank Hallock, . . . a priest and a scholar.

The rector's mind returned to the present and his glance dropped to the faces in the pews . . . so many faces. His parish seemed to throb with life . . . activity and people and children . . . "Suffer the little ones . . ." His eyes rested on a woman's face; Mary looked tired . . . he must get over to see her this week . . . tired . . . tired. Sunday mornings were strenuous now. He dozed a bit.

The tones of the organ awakened him. A fine instrument; good to have it. A wealthy man removed it from a house which he had bought and offered it to the Bishop. By giving its electric organ to a mission church, Christ Church could have the gift. But the organ had needed to be rebuilt. The vestry had said there was no money for that, only enough for the installation. So he'd gone to see the wealthy man and the man had agreed to rebuild it. A fine instrument. Exceptionally good for a suburban church.

The anthem was ending; he must go to the altar. "Praise God from whom all blessings flow . . ."

* * *

The blessings were almost too numerous to count. The first years had been a tilling time, with rough tools or hardly any at all. But the people had come and had loved and worked

and learned. Money had come, too, in spite of depression and war, sometimes miraculously. A vestryman of those years wrote:

"I have said many times that the Lord's work is different from civic and charitable work, however worthy; inspiration and miracles attend it which are not present, for instance, in the Community Fund. This was never better illustrated than our experience in making our first of many mortgage loans, which were so essential to our repeated building successes. We were told up and down financial row that our congregation had no financial record. It was 'unseasoned.' No mortgage loan could be had. Finally we got in touch with a lender who was a specialist in small church loans. He gave us terms which were most difficult but after a long meeting we decided to accept them. With a heavy heart I had just dictated a letter to that effect when a stranger was announced.

"I understand that you belong to a church which wants to borrow \$50,000. I would like to underwrite the loan," he said. In five minutes we had agreed on every term we had ever hoped to have. God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

Then came years of patience, the years of germination. A few people began to say Father Day was not the man for the job; a few thought he should amend the faith to attract more persons to it. Water his seeds he would and did with prayers and counselling and faith; water down the faith he would not. Some of the trappings could wait, but the whole faith "once delivered to the saints" was the faith that would be delivered here.

Then the harvest began to appear. Attendance between January 1 and October 31, 1955, was 27,197 with 13,687 communions made. The Sunday School enrollment was 325; there were 416 families and 71 individuals on Ruby's parish roll—814 communicants. Four new Protestant churches in the area had failed to make a dent.

The total quality of the rector's faith gave him the ability to leave much to the Holy Spirit. He let his people see the

needs, find the answers and implement them. He relied on them to administer many aspects of the parish, though he always remained firmly at the helm.

"I'm tired of hearing people say 'If we only had this we could do that!'" one woman said, and promptly figured out a way in the crowded, uncompleted building to have Sunday School while the parents went to Church. It meant detaining the parents after the service while the children used the church for their own worship, so a simple buffet breakfast plan was instituted. For five cents an item, adults could have orange juice, coffee, and doughnuts, and a half hour of sociability while their children were in Church.

A small back room in the parish house was inexpensively refurbished for the breakfasts with the coffee carried up from the kitchen in the basement. The next year, while a partial addition to the building was in progress, the room was being partitioned into three for offices, and toward spring the coffee cups were handed through the studding that sketched the new walls. But the joy and enthusiasm that overcame such obstacles seemed to be a magnet more attractive than ideal surroundings could have been, and those who came grew greatly in their feeling of fellowship.

A year or so later a vestryman, feeling new men needed some attention, too, organized a series of monthly Sunday night supper parties in the parish house for new couples. Sherry was served as the guests arrived and were introduced. Hosts and hostesses, emerging almost at random from the parish list, served a simple supper, and the evening ended with cards and conversation.

Within three years a nucleus developed from those parties to start a Couple's Club, also meeting monthly on Sunday nights, but with a more continuing membership and a varied program.

For a time the young people's activities seemed stalemate by conflicting school loyalties—teen-agers came from five different public and private high schools—until the parents of two

teen-age boys turned to the problem. They invited the high-schoolers to meet for breakfast after the 9 o'clock Communion service Sunday morning in the only available space, the small and temporary kitchen in the basement. Another inspired parent hooked up a record player and the youngsters started off with jive and doughnuts. Doctors, lawyers, business men and mothers were invited in from time to time to talk informally on the relationship of Christianity to their work or on some aspect of the devotional life. A favorite speaker was a business man who spent many of his week-ends refereeing Big Ten basketball and football games. Between these occasions the youngsters would have talk-fests: What did you find in this week's *Life* magazine that presented a purely secular point of view? What do you do when the rest of the kids want to go to a house where the parents are not at home? What does this parable mean, or that one?

School rivalries were submerged, and more and more youngsters came. At the 1955 Diocesan Young People's Conference, held the middle week of June at De Koven Foundation, Racine, 27 of the 120 boys and girls were Christ Churchers, and the president and treasurer of the North Shore Young People's Convocation for 1956-7 had been nurtured in the Kitchen Krowd.

Two families in the early days of the parish sent their daughters to Kemper Hall, a boarding school in Kenosha under the direction of the Sisters of St. Mary. One mother soon became an associate member of the order, and though the other did not do so until later, she remained in touch with the Sisters. When the Sisters opened De Koven Foundation in Racine as a retreat and conference center, more women were introduced to them and to their work and by 1955 there were nine women in the parish who were associates, the largest number by far of any parish in the diocese. Peggy Day and two other women had been associates of the Sisters of the Holy Nativity for some time and another woman joined them.

Appreciative of the experiences afforded them by the sisters

of both orders for rest and spiritual refreshment, the group of associates, beginning in 1952, arranged a parish "quiet day" each year near the beginning of Lent for those women who could not leave town or be away from their families over night. They freely loaned their books and prepared breakfast and lunch for the retreatants, and it was indicative of the spiritual dynamic of the parish that the attendance climbed from 24 to 60 in four years.

Perhaps even more remarkable was the men's participation in events of this nature. The first retreat for men in the Diocese was held at Nashotah House in the fall of 1951 and was organized by a Christ Church man. At those that followed yearly the group from Christ Church was always among the largest.

The impulse of the parish reached out to diocesan and community affairs, too. Parish women held offices on the diocesan and convocation boards and on the boards of St. John's Home and Neighborhood House, the Episcopal social agency in Milwaukee. Peter Day had been instrumental in founding the settlement house and served as president of the board as did two other Christ Church men. Others were missionary treasurer of the Diocese and a member of the standing committee.

Two presidents of the Community Welfare Council, four presidents of the Milwaukee Bar Association, a division leader in the YMCA building fund campaign, and the national president of the Harvard Alumni were parishioners. One man was president of the Whitefish Bay village board, another a trustee in Fox Point, and a third a member of the Fox Point school board. Women held important offices in the Child Care Centers, the Visiting Nurses Association, the YWCA, and the national board of the Girl Scouts. Many worked as volunteers in hospitals, social agencies and Scouts.

Significantly, those with the most responsible duties in good works outside the parish fellowship were all devout members within. Their Church was not merely an "affiliation"; it was the well-spring to which they went for the strength and

inspiration which they channelled to other needs. They had been taught by Father Day to use it thus.

The young man from Muncie who credited Father Day with his vocation to the priesthood and who had watched his impact on the church which his parents attended there, wrote to Peggy:

"Father Day had a way of getting things started, of stirring up the Holy Spirit in those he encountered, so that he brought many hands and many hearts to God."

* * *

The anthem had ended and the priest held the offering of his people before the altar. "All things come of Thee, O Lord, and of Thine own have we given Thee."

CHAPTER 14

THE RECTOR

BY NO MEANS everyone loved Father Day, nor was he at any time the widely popular church leader whom people flocked to admire and to hear. Indeed there were some who nourished a lifelong dislike of Father Day because he had slighted them in a moment of absent-mindedness or because the kind of faith he preached could not be made to fit their self-justifications. Even his fellow clergy were sometimes moved to resent his superior fund of learning or to envy the effectiveness of his uncompromising Catholicism.

He was adamant about the prerogatives and duties of his rectorship and some younger men found him difficult to work with. Only a priest with promise of a priestly stature like his own could bear with the sometimes autocratic tactics that he used. It was the joy of his last year as well as a blessing for the parish that such a one appeared, to be trained to take his place. The Rev. Victor E. H. Bolle, who had entered the priesthood late in his thirties after a successful business career, and who had had brief but intensive pastoral experience in charge of a group of missions near Milwaukee, came to Christ Church as "associate rector" in July, 1954, with the understanding that he would become the rector when Father Day retired in February, 1957. Father Day often spoke of the joy their association afforded him, and there can be no doubt that it was due in part to the younger man's unfailing respect and courtesy.

Among the parishioners themselves, there was the occasional man or woman who, like the rival apostles, wanted to sit at the master's right hand; they could not forgive Father Day for loving others while loving them, nor did they understand

that those who had earned the right they coveted had little time for sitting anywhere!

There were those who were activated by a kind of short-sighted efficiency and were frequently exasperated at the way some small human need or just the muddle of business would capture his interests for an hour or several days and stall their cherished schemes. Seldom taking account of the Holy Spirit in their own well laid plans, they could never quite understand the long range and penetrating effectiveness that seemed to attend Father Day's random methods.

The modern pharisee who saw the Church in terms of ritual and rules was often deeply hurt when Father Day defined its religion as of love. Conversely, those who were content to find in religion a general sense of uplift were discomfited when he showed it as made of discipline and penitence.

Some said he talked too long, some said they couldn't understand a thing he said, and others took offense when he didn't speak at all. Some must have disliked the very way he looked, for it is hard to explain otherwise the antipathy they formed almost at sight.

Father Day knew his own limitations and imperfections and bore them with silent humility. He was too shrewd a student of human nature not to know, also, what was often the basis for others' pique, but he forgave them generously and always tried to conciliate them for Christ's sake. Few if any outside the family circle knew how much he yearned as a person to be liked and yet how it never occurred to him to make this desire the motive for his action as a priest. If he knew that he had given offense, he was quick to make what amends he could, for courtesy was deeply ingrained in the man, but he never for the sake of personal affection or esteem amended the Faith. It was no part of his make-up to want to bring people to the Church merely on the basis of their liking for him.

But those who let themselves come within the orbit of his fatherly care gave him a kind of love they gave no other human being. They perceived a personality, sketched not in bold and

colorful design but in intricate and fine detail, whose flaws, while quite apparent, only seemed to set off the beauty and the balance of the whole. They knew even while he was with them that in the perfection of the love he had for them, they dwelt in touch with living sainthood.

Every person who was close to him at all will always treasure some vignette that was the essence of Father Day.

It may have been the quiet, thinly attended evening prayer services on Wednesday nights one Lent, when he talked briefly and almost conversationally about the lives of the saints, drawing easily upon his fund of factual knowledge and serving it up with a skill at portraiture.

It may have been a vestry meeting where he waited with the composure of a trusting faith for his prayers to God for his church to be answered through these laymen's instrumentality.

It may have been the detached but twinkling enjoyment with which he watched his parishioners at play, contributing to their pleasure with an apt and well told anecdote, or it may have been a moment when his own joy bubbled forth with elfin whimsicality.

It may have been the reassuring quality of his trustfulness beside a hospital bed. It may have been the quiet conviction with which he quelled a soul's torment of doubt or confusion, or the healing power of his own love as he gave a penitent God's absolution.

It may have been a single chain of footprints, unmistakably toeing out in the newly fallen snow, visible in the winter morning twilight from the rectory to the chapel door.

Whatever the vignette, it would be clearly drawn with lines of gentleness, of joy, of learning, of great strength and a steady faith, of a godly long-proportioned view of the things of this world and the next.

* * *

Father Day often said he hoped he would have some warning when he was going to die—he would be glad to pay a few

extra hours of pain in order to have time to receive the Sacra-
ments of the Church and make ready his soul for Paradise. But
God in His infinite mercy stilled the heart that would have
broken taking a slower leave of the Church it loved; He knew
this soul needed little time for readying.

* * *

EPILOGUE

The interior life of any man is his own. What was actually in Father Day's mind as he lay in the hospital bed, seeming at times to approach semi-consciousness, can only be a matter of conjecture. Yet, communication takes place through patient observation of many small signs and movements, and Peter Day has always insisted that the following excerpt from his column, *Sorts and Conditions*, in *The Living Church* of November 13, 1955, was a straightforward piece of factual reporting.

PULSE STRONG, respiration good. "He is coming to life," the angel said. Or was it the doctor? You could hear voices around you. One of them said, "Open your mouth." So you did. "Here, drink some water." Everybody seemed pleased when you did. It is quite an accomplishment to take a drink of water.

ALL NIGHT LONG, you had been somewhere else. "And I knew such a man—whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell—God knoweth—how that he was caught up into paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter. Of such an one will I glory; yet of myself I will not glory, but in mine infirmities."

PSALMS AND PRAYERS had poured from the lips of your body while your mind was elsewhere. But you were here this morning. They were saying prayers for the sick around you. So your voice said "Amen" for you, and again there was that stir in the room. It is an accomplishment to say Amen at the end of a prayer. It is Progress. "He is improving," somebody said.

"BORNE AS on eagle wings, safely His saints He sustaineth"; "you do not need to know why you are here," said the angel,

"nor which bones are broken. Have you felt the prayers of your people through the night and the morning? You are coming to life."

"YOU ARE BUILDING a church," the angel said. "Do you remember what a church is?" Your mind struggled cloudily with the thought. You were building a church. But your arms were held down by something. You could not touch your own forehead when you tried. What is a church? A church is the roof over an altar. A church is the roof over an altar. roof over an altar.

"WE WILL PRAY for the altar," you said to the angel. "It will come." "No, we are giving it to you now," the angel said.

THE ROOM came alive again. Your wife: she wanted you to call her by name. That was easy. They were pleased with you again. Nice that they were so easily pleased. "I think that there is some misunderstanding," you said to the angel. You collected your thoughts. "I know that the work is not finished. We are not quite ready. . . ."

"IS THE SHELL ready to be broken when the chick hatches?" said the angel. "Is the dry crust of the ground ready for the rain?" The angel was speaking in Hebrew. You could not find the words for your answer, so you replied in Hebrew with a phrase from the Song of Songs.

"HE IS MAKING real progress," they said. "The difficulty," you said, "is in all these chains of love. This is not a shell or a crust at all," you said, tossing yourself upon the bed with some indignation. "This is what I was sent to build. Not the walls and the windows, but the living body. Our twinned cell, and the cells that have grown out of it. And my spiritual offspring—Why, only this evening I was needed. . . ."

"THAT WAS yesterday evening," the angel said. "Are the chains of love strong? Are you sure they are strong?"

"WELL, are they?" you said weakly.

"STRONGER THAN you know," the angel said. "I will tell you now her waking thought of tomorrow morning, at 3 o'clock when calmness returns. That will grow stronger day by day. . . . Next I will tell you about the greatness of that day and about the people. . . . You will be in the church on All Saints' Day, and will tell me what you see then. Your body will be there, too. There will be tears and rejoicing. Tears because the chains are so strong; rejoicing because they cannot be broken."

"AWARENESS is definitely returning," they said. "In a little while he can be taken up for x-rays."

"CONSIDER," you said, "the binoculars and the birds, the leitmotive of Parsifal, the torts legal and culinary, Dickens and Trollope, Japanese prints, Gilbert and Sullivan, the Italian Renaissance, the wine-cellar, various kinds of tea, Beowulf and Mother Goose, the fixed forms in prosody, elves and brownies, the work of the Lodge, Egyptology, the pre-Raphaelites, the Arthurian cycle, the Mabinogion, and a few other things. Cannot I speak a word in praise of these to add to the sparkle of the universe?"

"THE POINT is powerful," said the angel. "But there are mysteries that I do not understand. Perhaps the silence will give birth to new voices in praise of the little things."

"THEN THERE ARE certain special concerns," you said. "A wife; a mother; sisters; two sons; four grandchildren." "That is our responsibility, not yours," said the angel, "until the journey is completed."

"YES," you said. "I have always believed that. My children are numbered in hundreds, not counted on the fingers. The little family has always waited with you when I was sent to scale walls and break down doors and bind up wounds and open

"And One Was a Priest"

eyes. The great family must come first. But what about them? They are my responsibility now and always."

"THAT IS WHY I am here," said the angel. Those chains you were speaking of, the chains of love, are strong for all eternity. Following Him whom you follow, they will go where you are going. It is almost time. You are coming to life, and a multitude will follow you."

PETER DAY

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